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NEW POEM, BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

The Child of the Islands: a Poem. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Pp. 238 London, Chapman and Hall.

London, Chapman and Hall.

This volume is beautifully got up, as the trade phrase is: it is on handsome paper, in handsome type, handsomely embellished, and elegantly bound. The theme is a contrast between the rich and the poor; and in the aristocratic style of its execution it might represent the former class in the book world, and put quite out of countenance the "million" of cheap, low, and seedy looking publications by which it will be surrounded on counter, shelf, and stall. So much for externals The Child of the Islands is a poetic title for the Prince of Wales, and the lesson taught, from the first page to the last, is one worthy of woman's feeling heart, and the author's sympathising genius. She invokes those who are blest with the means, to apply an untiring and well-directed benevolence to the relief of distress. She hews them the blessings they en joy, and the comforts of their happy destiny; and she earnestly pleads the cause of all who perish for want, be it of physical sustenance or mental instruction. She points out their bounden duties, and justly reproves their neglect or careless and irregular performance of them. Indeed, we are inclined to think that more misery exists from the ignorance of the rightly disposed how best to apply the remedy, than from an unwillingness on their part to help their fellow creatures; much is given to charity in our land, but much is wasted, and much uncalled for in consequence of inability to seek out the proper objects and know how to serve them.

"Were you ever thirsty," said a deplorable weetch to a kind hearted indi-

know how to serve them.

"Were you ever thirsty," said a deplorable wretch to a kind hearted individual who was aiming at his selace;—"were you ever thirsty and without a drop of any thing to drink?"

"No!"

"Were you ever hungry and without a morsel of food to eat !"

"Never!"
"Were you ever a-cold and without a particle of fuel to warm your starving

" No, never !"

"Then what can you know of the sufferings of the poor? How can you relieve them?"

relieve them?"

In truth they must be closely inspected, or the worst ills will remain undiscovered, and the best of bounties be thrown away upon the undeserving.—But to return to Mrs. Norton

Her poem is divided into the four seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; in each of which she takes desultory views of various descriptions of poverty, and from them warmly inculcates friendly and philanthropic principles to prempt the powerful in their exertions, and to encourage gratitude in the weak who experience the benefit. The first four stanzas of the opening will exhibit the poetical structure and merit of the composition:

"Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?
What life so wretched, but that, at its birth, Some hearts rejoiced—some lip in gladness smiled?
The poorest cottager, by love beguiled,
Greets his new burden with a kindly eye;
He knows his son must toil as he hath toiled:
But cheerful Labour, standing patient by,
Laughs at the warning shade of meagre Poverty!

The pettiest squire who holds his bounded away In some far nook of England's fertile ground, Keeps a high jubilee the happy day Which bids the bonfires blaze, the joy-bells sound, And the small tenantry come flocking round, While the old steward triumphs to declare The mother's suffering hour with safety crowned; And then, with reverent eyes, and grey locks bare, alters—' God bless the boy!' his master's son and heir!

The youthful couple, whose sad marriage vow Received no sanction from a haughty sire, Feel, as they gaze upon their infant's brow, Hope—the old friend whose strong wings never tire—Once more their long discouraged hearts inspire: For sure, they deem, the smiles of that young face Shall thaw the frost of his relentless ire: The pathway of their home their thoughts retrace, and weeping, yearn to meet his reconciled embrace!

Yea, for this cause even Shame will step aside,
And cease to bow the head and wring the heart;
For she that is a mother, but no bride,
Out of her letharge of woe will start,
Pluck from her side that sorrow's barbed dart,
And, now no longer faint and full of fears,
Plan how she best protection may impart
'To the lone course of those forsaken years
Which dawn in Love's warm light, though doomed to set in tears!"

Our next selection is a picture of sadness :

"A feeble girl sits working all alone!
A ruined farmer's orphan, pale and weak;
Her early home to wealthier strangers gone;
No rural beauty lingers on her cheek;
Her woe-worn looks a woful heart bespeak;

Though in her dult and rarely lifted eye (Whose glances nothing hope, and nothing seek,)
Those who have time for pity might descry
A thousand shattered gleams of merriment gone by !

Her window-sill some sickly plants adorn, (Poor links to memories sweet of Nature's green!) (Poor links to memories sweet of Nature There to the city's smoke-polluted morn The primrose lifts its leaves, with buds between, 'Minished and faint, as though their life had been Nipped by long pining and obscure regret;
Torn from the sunny bank where erst were seen
Lovely and meek companions, thickly set,—
The cowslip, rich in scent, and humble violet!

Too fanciful! the plant but pines like her Too fanciful! the plant but pines like her
For purer rir, for sunbeams warm and kind;
Th' enliveding joy of nature's busy stir,
The rural freedom, long since left behind!
For the fresh woodlands,—for the summer wind,—
The open fields with perfumed clover spread:—
The bazel co. se, whose branches intertwined
Made natural bowers and arches overhead, With many a narrow path, where only two could tread.

Never, oh! never more, shall these afford Never, oh! never more, shall these afford
Her stifled heart their innocent delight!
Never, oh! never more, the rich accord
Of feathered songsters make her morning bright!
Earning scant bread, that finds no appetite,
The sapless life she toils for lingers on;
And when at length it sinks in dreary night,
A shallow, careless grave is dug,—where none
Come round to bless her rest, whose ceaseless tasks are done!"

This, to our taste, is sweetly touching and unexaggerated; but a more piteous

"There the man hides, whose better days are dropped.
Round his starvation, like a veil of shame;
Who, till the fluttering pulse of life hath stopped,
Suffers in silence, and conceals his name;—
There the lost victim, on whose tarnished fame
A double taint of death and sin must rest,
Dreams of her village-home and parents blame,
And in her sleep, by pain and cold opprest.
Draws close her tattered shawl athwert her shivering breast.

Her history is written in her face : The bloom hath left her cheek, but not from age ; The bloom hath left nor cheek, but not from age; Youth, without innocence, or love, or grace, Blotted with tears, still lingers on that page! Smooth brow, soft hair, dark eyelash, seem to wage With farrowed lines a contradiction strong; Till the wild witchcraft stories, which engage Our childish thoughts, of magic change and wrong, seem realised in her—so old, and yet so young!

And many a wretch forlorn, and huddled group
Of strangers met in brotherhood of woe;
Heads that beneath their burden weakly stoop,—
Youth's tangled curls, and Age's locks of snow,—
Rest on those wooden pillows, till the glow
Of morning o'er the brightening earth shall pass,
And these depart, none asking where they go;
Lost in the world's confused and gatherner ghass."
While a new slide fills up life's magic lanter glass."

A more comprehensive glance draws an admirable and affecting moral from the well-trodden ground of Hyde Park—" My lady" enjoying her luxurious drive in that fashionable resort:

"Yet even with her we well might moralise;
(No place too gay, if so the heart incline!)
For dark the seal of death and judgment lies
Upon thy rippling watters, Sorpentine!
Day after day, drawn up in a linked line,
Your lounging beauties smile on idle men,
Where suicides have braved the will divine,
Watched the calm flood that lay beneath their ken,
Dashed into seeming peace, and never rose again. Dashed into seeming peace, and never rose again.

There, on the pathway where the well-groomed steed Restlessly paws the earth, alarmed and shy; While his enameured rider nought can heed Save the soft glance of some love-lighted eye; There they dragged out the wretch who came to die! There was he laid—stiff, stark, and metionless, And searched for written signs to notify What pang had driven him to such sore excess, and who should weep his loss, and pivy his distress! to die !

Cross from that death-pond to the farther side, Where fewer loitorers wander to and fro,

There,-buried under London's modern pride, And ranges of white buildings,—long ago
Stood Tyburn Gate and gallows! Scenes of woe,
Bitter, heart rending, have been add here; While, as he swung in stifling horrid three, Hoarse echoes smote the dying felon's ear, Of yells from fellow-men, triumphant in his fear!

Betwixt the deathly stream and Tyborn Gate Betwirt the deathly stream and Tyborn Gate
Stand withered trees, whose sapless boughs have seen
Beauties whose memory now is out of date,
And lovers on whose graves the most is green!
While Spring, for ever fresh, with smile serene,
Woke up grey Time, and drest his scythe with flowers,
And flashed sweet light the tender leaves between,
And bid the wild bird carol in the bowers,
Year after year the same, with glad returning hours.

Oh, those old trees! what see they when the beam Falls on blue waters from the bluer sky!
When young Hope whispers low, with smiles that seem Too joyous to be answered with a sigh?
The see e is then of pro-perous gaiety;
Thick-swarming crowds on summer pleasure bent, And equipages formed for luxury;
While rosy children, young and innocent,
Dance in the onward path, and frolic with content.

But when the scattered leaves on those wan boughs Quiver beneath the night wind's rustling breath; When jocund merriment, and whispered vows, And children's shouts, are hushed; and still as death Lies all in heaven above and earth beneath; When clear and distant shine the stedfast stars O'er lake and river, mountain, brake, and heath, And smile, unconscious of the woe that mars The beauty of earth's face, deformed by misery's scars ;

What see the old trees then? Gaunt, pallid forms Come, creeping sadly to their hollow hearts, Seeking frail shelter from the winds and storms, In broken rest, disturbed by fitful starts!

There, when the chill rain falls, or lightning darts,
Or balmy summer nights are stealing on,
Houseless they slumber, close to wealthy marts
And gilded homes:—there, where the morning sun
That tide of wasteful joy and splendour looked upon!"

In the summer we have a striking account of a gipsey female perishing in gaol, and another as a felon on his trial; out of which the author deduces a forcible argument in favour of education. Ship building and the wreck of a

ressel are also subjects treated with great talent.

Autumn recals the wild beauties of Scotland to the heart of the writer, whose early memories are linked to that "land of the mountain and flood," And she sings it charmingly:

"Brown Autumn cometh, with her liberal hand Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves: A yellow glory brightens o'er the land, Shines on thatched corners and low cottage eaves, And gilds with cheerful light the fading leaves: Beautiful even here on hill and dale; More levely yet, where Scotland's soil receives The varied rays her wooded mountains bail, With hues to which our faint and soberer tints are pale.

For there the scarlet rowan seems to mock The red sea coral—berries, leaves, and all; Light swinging from the moist green shining a Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall; And there the purple cedar, grandly tall, Lifts its crowned head and sun-illumed stem; And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's pall)
Bends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem
Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms, Its regal mantle o'er the mountains spread; Wooing the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,
By many a viewless wild flower richly shed;
Up-springing 'neath the glad exulting tread
Of ea_ber climbers, light of heart and limb;
Or yielding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,
When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,
And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt, and grim.

O land! first seen when life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave.
Which now my travelled heart looks back upon,
Marking each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory, and there a grave:
Land of romance and beauty; noble land
Of Bruce and Wallace: land where, vainly brave,
Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,
Ere yet the shivered sword fell hopeless from his hand—

I love you! I remember you.' And here she laments and rebukes the religious feuds which have distracted d broken asunder the church :

"O Scotland, Scotland!—in these later days
How hash thy decent worship been disgraced!
Where, on your Sabbath hills, for prayer and praise,
Solemn the feet of reverend elder paced,
With what wild brawling, with what ruffian haste,
Gathering to brandish Discord's fatal torch,
Have men your secred altar-grounds defaced;
Mocking with howling fury, at the porch,
The ever-listening God, in his own holy church!

The taught would choose their teacher; be it so! Doubtless his lessons they will humbly learn, Bowing the meek heart reverently low, Who first claim right to choose him or to spurn;
Drop sentences of suffrage in the urn,
And ballot for that minister of God,
Whose sacred mission is to bid them turn
Obedient eyes toward the chastening rod,
And walk the narrow path by humbler Christians trod:

Choose,—since your forms permit that choice to be,— But choose in brotherhood and pious love; Assist at that selection solemnly, As at a sacrifice to One above."

"When that indulgence which the perfect grants, By the imperfect also shall be granted; When narrow light that falls in crooked slants, Shines broad and bright where'er its glow is wanted : When cherished errors humbly are recanted ; When there are none who set themselves apart, To watch how prayers are prayed, and sweet hymns chanted, With eyes severe, and criticising heart,—

As though some player flawed the acting of his part. From saints on earth-defend us, saints in heaven! By their un-likeness to the thing they ape;
Their cheerlessness where God such joy hath given
(Covering this fair world with a veil of crape).
Their tack of kindliness in any shape;
Their fierce, false judgments of another's sin; And by the narrowness of mind they drape With full-blown fantasies, and boasts to win A better path to heaven than others wander in !"

Winter is rendered more drear by a version of the fatal retreat from Cabul; but there is also an excellent delineation of the opera dancing and dancers. The delusion and fall of one of these gay creatures are thus concluded:

"And thou, first flatterer of her early prime,
Ere praises grew familiar as the light,
And the young feet flew round in measured time
Amid a storm of clapping every night;
Thou, at whose glanne the smile grew really bright
That decked her lips for tutored mirth before,—
Wilt thou deny her and forget her quite?
Thy idol, for whose sake the lavish store
In prodigal caprice thy hand was wont to pour?

But Prudery,-with averted angry glance, Bars pleading, and proclaims the sentence just:
Life's gambler having lost her desperate chance,
Now let the scorned one grovel in the dust!
Now let the wanton share the beggar's crust! Yet every wretch destroyed by passion's lure
Had a first love, — lost hope,— and broken trust:
And heaven shall judge whose thoughts and lives are pure:
Not always theirs worst sin, who worldly scorn endure."
with this we close our pleasant task; offering to Mrs. Norton our sin-

And with this we close our picasant task; offering to Mrs. Norton our sincere thanks for the pure spirit and proper tone in which she has undertaken so good a cause, and for the high talent she has displayed in this appeal to every just sentiment and Christian obligation.

SCENES OF THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.

SCENES OF THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.

FROM THE GERMAN ARRATIVE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

PUNISHMENT OF AN HOSTILE AUL (VILLAGE)*

The war now being carried on by the Russians against those various tribes of the Caucasian highlands, who are generally known in Europe by the erroneous appellation of Tscherkessen, or Circassians, is less a war of aggression than one of defence against the incursions into the Russian territory, this side of the Kuban (the north), of those numerous tribes of mountaineers, differing essentially amongst themselves in language and habits of living.

For the last forty five years the river Kuban has formed the frontier between the Russian territory and a tract of neutral ground which extends from the opposite bank of the river to the high mountain-ranges. Along the entire length of the frontier fortified Cossack villages (Stanitzen) have been built at intervals of twenty wersts from one another (about 12½ English miles). Between these villages are fortified posts, and in the intervals between these smaller forts piquets are posted, which, however, fall back on the forts in the night-time. The armed force employed in the defence of this frontier amounts altogether to about 128,000 men. The existence of precautionary measures like these will serve to show that a constant state of watchfulness must be necessary, in order to preserve the peaceable inhabitants of the country against the predatory incursions of the Tscherkessen; and in despite of which they frequently succeed in crossing the Kuban, driving away whole herds of cattle, and making numbers of prisoners: in the former of which species of robbery they, like the Cossacks, possess an almost incredible dexterity.

The most usual sign of an impending hostile foray is an uncommon degree of stillness on the opposite bank of the river; for then the howling of the welves is no longer heard in the thick forest districts. Should it be found impossible to prevent the enemy from crossing over, the next object to be aimed at is to surround them on the Russia

This narrative was compiled from the dictation of a Russian, who was an eye-wit ess of all the scoops related; which will account for the expression of certain opinions with which the British public are little likely to sympathise. I have, as a translator, carefully avoided the slightest alteration.—Translator.

The Anglo American.

this way we sometimes succeed in tracking them, and cutting off their retreat to the mountains; more especially as on such occasions their horses are generally much tired, whilst those of the Russians are still fresh. They, nowever, sometimes succeed in getting clear off to their own villages, with all their booty; and it thus, as we have already said, becomes necessary to punish them: for the constant repetition of such forays is only to be prevented by the diead of retaliation.

On occasion of one of these successful expeditions, of the Tscherkessen General Sass succeeded in ascertaining the district from whence the plunderers came. The paths or ravines which led to these were quite unknown to the Russians; but there are generally some Tscherkessen to be found who are ready, for money's sake, (generall should eighty silver roubles), to act as quides. The General despatched one of these men to the place in question, giving him a large silver watch, with the instructions to make his way alone to the enemy's aul (village), marching exactly as if he were leading a body of the return, to report exactly how often the hands of the watch had gone round in the interval. The chief thing to be aimed at in such expeditions is to calculate the march so as to bring up your detachment to the century's and all east half an hour before sunrise. On the return of the guide it was found in this instance, by calculating the number of hours which he had employed in performing the journey, that the distance was too great to be got over in one number of the sunrise of the surface of the sunrise of the sunr was found is this instance, by calculating the number of hours which he had employed in performing the journey, that the distance was too great to be got over in one night. General Sass, therefore, gave orders for setting out that very evening, and making a forced march the whole night, so as to arrive before daybreak at a ravine which the guide had pointed out as a good bivouac during the daytime. The whole day was passed in this hiding-place in the most perfect silence, as is usual on such occasions. The soldiers are neither allowed to cook or amoke, to sing, or speak above their breath; nor dare a word of command be given, as the slightest noise would suffice to attract the attention of the hostile mountaineers. For this same reason any horse which has the habit of snorting loudly is forthwith killed by the Cossacks, as being unfit for service on this frontier.

attention of the hostile mountaineers. For this same reason any horse which has the habit of snorting loudly is forthwith killed by the Cossacks, as being unfit for service on this frontier.

Immediately after sunset the signal for marching was given, and we proceeded forwards into the mountains with the greatest possible speed and least imaginable noise. Some friendly Tscherkessen in alliance with us formed the avant-garde; immediately after these General Sass, on his white horse, followed by a Cossack, who carried his pipe, sabre, and fowling-piece (he always goes unarmed); after him came the officers of the staff, and immediately in their rear a detachment of Cossacks (1200 strong); then a weak infairly battalion (500 rank and file), and a light battery of four guns, with the necessary train. The rapidity with which the avant-garde moved forwards, and the narrowness of the defiles and rocky paths, soon spun out our column to a disproportionate length. General Sass seemed not to take the least no tice of this; as on such occasions he disregards all local obstructions, and has often declared that he would continue his march until he made his point, all though he should only reach it with his avant-garde. Hurrying thus onwards we came to an immensely steep rocky cliff, up which our almost impracticable narrow path wound, so that we were frequently obliged to ride single file. At a sudden turn of this path a large cliff projected so much over the road that it appeared impossible for even a single herseman to make good his passage much less that we should be able to get the cannon which we were obliged to take with us round the cliff. The guns were, therefore, halted at the broadest part of the path and dismounted from their carriages, which latter were canted over on their side, and thus carried round, where they were again set up. The guns themselves, which could not be well laid hold of, were slung on cloaks, as if in a hammock, and were carried round the projecting angle, each by twelve men. One can imagine h

gle, each by twelve men. One can imagine how much precaution and silence were necessary to be observed on this occasion, where the elightest false use plonged all the others, together with their borden, into the abyse seneath; in addition to which much the considered the fear of destroying the entire detachment by an accident of this kind; for had the slightest none discovered our presence to the ever-reighant ensure. The control of the properties of the properties of the control of the properties of the proper

and were ordered to advance carefully down the slope, and surroun! the one side of the village, whilst another sotrijia (100) were ordered to dismount and inclose the other side on foot. The General then sat down quietly on a stone, and ordered a lighted pipe to be brought to him. In reply to my query of what was next to be done? "The dogs will themselves give the signal for the attack." I did not understand the meaning of this until, on the appearance of the first rays of the sun, the voice of the Moollah was heard calling to morning prayer, which served the Russians as a signal for the attack. This commenced with a general volley from all the Cossacks and the moment afterwards, the hornhedge which surrounded the village was escaladed, and the gate (which did not open sidewards, as in Europe, but was lifted up like a trap do) battered in. The Tscherkessen were, however, soon completely on the after those scenes of butchery usual and inevitable on auch occasions now took place. Some of the males fought their way through, and escaped to the those scenes of butchery usual and inevitable on such occasions now took place. Some of the males fought their way through, and escaped to the woods; the women and children were hastily tumbled into the waggons on top of one another. The oven, horses, and sheep, were then driven out of the inclosures, and we immediately commenced our retreat. We soon saw single horsemen, afterwards more numerous bodies of cavalry, who kept hovering about our flanks, on the declivities of the mountains, which were now covered with snow. The General answered my question of "What this might recent"? The saving that they make the strength out to snow enough the unganing of ered with snow. The General answered my question of "What this might mean?" by saying, that I would ascertain quite soon enough the meaning of this activity. When we returned to the difficult passage already alluded to, we found it occupied by our infantry, who covered our retreat for about four wersts farther, until we arrived at a large open glade in a level part of the forest; this space was about four hundred paces in diameter, and had been

previously fixed on as a rendezvous for the entire force.

General Sass had now at length an opportunity of exhibiting the kindliness!

and philanthropy!! of his character, which formed the most remarkable contrast with the iron indifference of his manner during the march and the combat which had succeeded to it. The prisoners, who, in the extreme harry, had been hudded into the carts like so much luggage, were now carefully unloaded; the chidren were restored to their mothers*, the naked received clothing, pelisses were distributed, and soft beds made for those of the better class (no doubt their own property, which had been plundered.—Translator). Amongst them dren were restored to their mothers", the naked received clothing, pelisses were distributed, and soft beds made for those of the better class (no doubt their own property, which had been plundered.—Translator). Amongst them was a princess, or, more properly speaking, the daughter of an Abasech chief, who acted the principal part in an interesting episode which took place towards the close of the expedition, and to which I shall return again Immediately after our arrival at the place of rendezvous, General Sass ordered four gunshots to be fired (his usual challenge to combat), the echoes of which rolling far and wide through the mountains—Sass Wgarach! i.e., Sass is in the mountains. Whilst the soldiers were cooking their millet soup, for which, for want of water, they were obliged to use snow, and whilst an excellent soup was being prepared for us with wine and sago, of which we had an abundant store. I again asked the General who or what all these horsemen were whom we had previously seen on the mountains; and instead of giving me a direct answer, he replied by another question, "How many Tscherkessen may there be, according to your calculation, in the surrounding woods?" I now, to my great surprise, heard that the horsemen in question had summoned all the inhabitants of the auls belonging to that district, and that at this moment there lay in the forest around us at least ten thousand men ready for action. On receiving this intelligence, I looked about me more carefuly, and soon perceived a chain of our sharpshooters posted round about us, and at a distance one hundred paces from the edge of the wood, every one of these men, lying the most friendly manner possible, said "Mihsti prossim," (You are welcome,) the most friendly manner possible, said "Mihsti prossim," (You are welcome,) the most friendly manner possible, said "Mihsti prossim," (You are welcome,) the most friendly manner possible, said "Mihsti prossim," (You are welcome,) the most friendly manner possible, said "Mihsti prossim," (You are welcome,)

wounded, while the cattle, driven by another party of Cossacks, formed the tail of the main body, on both flanks of which a body of skirmishers moved, the General himself bringing up the rear with his best troops. Thus we proceeded, constantly fighting, attacking, and being attacked, until we got out of the mountains, and into the level country, where the Tscherkessen usually desist from further pursuit, having learned from experience, that in an open terrein, they have no chance whatever against our disciplined troops.

THE CAPTIVE PKINCESS.

Amongst the prisoners whom we had taken during the above-described expedition, was, as has been already mentioned, a voung girl belonging to the family of one of the most powerful chiefs of the Abasechen. During the retreat, she was placed on her own horse, and given in charge to a trusty Tscherkess, who was to be her guard, and to whom the General gave the maiden was concealed in a large white cloth, which she held wrapped round her in such a way that nothing was visible beyond her large blue eyes, which frequently turned towards the snow-clad mountains with an expression of the deepest sadness; she never deigned to cast a look on those who sur rounded her, nor did she appear in the least dispirited, but rode silently, in a proud attitude, ahead of the other prisoners. Her manner attracted the Grineral's observation; he suspected the fair maiden's intentions, and repeated his view of the guide not to let her out of his sight for a moment. After having passed several smaller mountain streams, without accident, we arrived at the Chodsa, whose swollen stream rolled its waves, roaring and foaming, into the kibrita: they both disappeared, and the General advanced to meet him, and invidence of him into the kibrita: they both disappeared, and the General advanced to meet him, and invidence of him into the kibrita: they both disappeared, and the General advanced to meet him, and invidence of him into the kibrita: they both disappeared, and the General davanced to meet him into t of the deepest sadness; she never deigned to cast a look on those who sur rounded her, nor did she appear in the least dispirited, but rode silently, in a proud attitude, ahead of the other prisoners. Her manner attracted the General's observation; he suspected the fair maiden's intentions, and repeated his orders to the guide not to let her out of his sight for a moment. After having passed several smaller mountain streams, without accident, we arrived at the Chodsa, whose swollen stream rolled its waves, roaring and foaming, into the valley below; with difficulty, a ford was found, in which the water reached to the middle of the saddle skirts; the avant-garde crossed without difficulty, but when the artillery was to follow, one cannon and an ammunition tumbril fell into the water; it cost many hours of hard labour to get these out again, and over to the other bank. In the meanwhile, another ford had been found higher up the river, where, in order to save time, the prisoners were taken across. We remained at the lower ford, where our attention was engrossed by the sunk cannon, when suddenly we heard a short cry, and saw a white body, followed by a dark one, shoot past us, on the foaming flood, with the body, followed by a dark one, shoot past us, on the foaming flood, with the rapidity of lightning; it was the Abasechian princess and her guard; she had thrown herself from horseback into the middle of the river. Fortunately, the Chodsa divides itself here into two branches, one of which was shallow enough to allow the Tscherkess guard to get bottom, when he and the fugitive had been swept into it and he was thus enabled to save her who had been committed to his charge; he was however, very near perishing in the waves, for when he outswam the young girl, and attempted to lay hold on her she pushed him back, and finding he would not let go his hold, she then endeavoured to drag him to the bottom with herself; he had great difficulty in extricating himself, and catching hold of her long floating hair till he made good his footing, when they were immediately brought over to the other bank of the river from the shallow snot on which they stord.

good his footing, when they were immediately brought over to the of the river from the shallow spot on which they stood.

Here she stood, like a statue of Mercury!—(Query, the Russ probably means the Venus Anadyomene.—Translator)—her veil was gone, her hands were crossed on her breast, and her dripping gaments clung close to her form; an exceedingly beautiful girl, with downcast eyes and fair hair, pale and maticulass except when she, from time to time, raised her hand to her form; an exceedingly beautiful girl, with downcast eyes and fair hair, pale and motionless except when she, from time to time, raised her hand to her forehead to push back her long tresses, which hung dripping over her shoulders. It was a moment which I shall never lorget, and despite of the great excitement caused by the dangers and difficulties which they had just passed through, the most complete silence reigned amongst the men, who crowded in a circle round the lovely heroine. After General Sass* had rivetted his eyes on her for some time without speaking a word, he turned at length to one of the allied Tscherkess chieftains who stood near him, and demanded how many Russian prisoners the enemy would give in exchange for the maiden? "Six," was the answer. "Take her and bring me the Russians to-morrow." The chieftain pressed his right hand to his forehead, and, then kissed it, the chieftain pressed his right hand to his forehead, and, then kissed it, the usual salutation of the Tscherkessen; he then threw himself on his horse, ordered the ransomed girl to be placed on another, caught hold of her rein, and led her back across the river. From her, not a single look of gratitude. As she turned away, she measured the General from head to foot with her beautiful eyes, and wrapping herself up as before, disappeared from our gaze
The six Russian prisoners were returned the next morning, as had been wel-

understood from the promise of the chieftain

KARA MURZA GOES OVER TO THE RUSSIANS.

One evening, near sunset, a Tscherkess prince, named Kara Murza (i.e., the Black Chief), came out of the forest and approached our camp, with some thirty or forty followers, for the purpose of effecting the exchange of certain prisoners. Nothing can be more picturesque than the dress of such a Tscherkessen chief; over a tight-fitting lightly-wadded silk coat, of some gay colour he wears a short surcoat of undyed cloth, open across the chest, but gathered in the content of the conte tightly across the loins with a black leather girdle, mounted with silver; a dagger and pistol, attached to a massive silver chain, are stuck into this girdle in front, whilst a second pistol is secured in a holster of red cloth, ornamented with lace, which hangs obliquely across the back, so that the wearer can draw it in a moment with his right hand. The delicately-formed feet are clothed with Maroquin stockings, worn instead of boots, and these stockings are drawn on to the leg while damp, in order to make them fit more closely. On visits on to the leg while damp, in order to make them fit more closely. On visits of ceremony, or other occasions of importance, the suite of a chief consists of his kunak (or brother-hood), and part of the usdar (young nobles doing duty). When these people come with a peaceable intention, they went their wool sheep-skin caps pushed off their foreheads, and they look peaceably about them. If their intentions be hostile, they pull the cap well down over their eyes, and shoot looks of defiance from under the long curly locks of wool which hang down over their foreheads. In the same way, their mode of behaviour on dismensions is a sure invery of their peaceable are heatile disconting. In the fordown over their foreheads. In the same way, their mode of behaviour on dismounting is a sure incex of their peaceable or hostile disposition. In the former case, they lead their horses together, and drawing the reins of one through the saddle-bow of another, suffer them to run about coupled thus together; otherwise, on dismounting, each man remains by his horse, and leaning his left arm on the saddle, he stands in statue-like stillness and sullen watchful-

of his eyes. His body is covered with wounds, especially one of his leg, when muscles of which are so shot away that it dangles loosely from his leg, when and ammunition) into the hostile districts. It was remarkable that as often as not braced by two bands at the knee and ankle. But the Tscherkessen either know nothing of, or do not believe in, the existence of his wounds, and, of the flying bridge (our only mode of crossing the river) to be invariably

stared at him with astonishment; and glancing at the dark looks of his com-

stared at him with astonishment; and glancing at the dark looks of his companions, declined the proffered courtesy.

"What wouldst thou do if I should visit thee?" demanded the General.

"I would conduct thee back," was the brief answer.

"Then I shall now do the same."

With these words Sass mounted his horse, and rode ahead; Alexei was also obliged to accempany him on this ride; for, except in very rare cases, the Russians and Tscherkessen never communicate with one another without the Russians and Tscherkessen never communicate with one another without an interpreter—to do otherwise is considered a compromise of one's dignity. Whilst the General rade a horse's length ahead, quietly smoking his pipe, and not even taking the trouble to look round him, a tempest was brewing in his rear, the threatning of whose approach covered poor Alexei with a cold perspiration. These wild men dared not give vent to their feelings in the presence of their chieftain; but their eyes rolled fearfully beneath the long tecks of their sheepskin caps, and their marked features expressed the most violent rage; their right hands seemed to approach involuntarily the handles of their pistols, which hung over their shoulders, and some act of violence seemed about to take place at every instant. General Sass smoked away as usual, and Kara Murza, riding up to him, earnestly begged of him to return—"I can answer for myself," he added, "but not for my people." Instead of taking his advice, the General turned angrily on him, and demanded "if he had any right to control his actions; he should usual his own business, and ought to be ashamed that his people were under such bad discipline."

"How long is this to last?" said the Tscherkess.

"I shall accompany you to that tree, there," pointing to a large one which

"How long is this to last?" said the Tscherkess.

"I shall accompany you to that tree, there," pointing to a large one which in the twilight was just visible on the verge of the horizon; and forward they went, without exchanging a word further

Having arrived at the tree, General Sass quietly took his leave, and turning his horse's head, rode back to the camp, without once accelerating his pace. We received him with the greatest delight, and on our making him reproaches, on account of this apparently useless foolhardiness, he interrupted us, saying, "I am much mistaken, or this will bear some good fruit." The next morning Kara Murza suddenly appeared again on horseback, but this time quite alone; his cap was raised from his forchead, and every trace of displeasure had disappeared.

"I cannot fight against such a man as thou art. I am youra."

"Hold," said the General, "how dost thou intend to prove thy good aith?"

"I will give you hostages."

Thou canst give me hostages, because thou well knowest that I would neither hang nor behead them, even shouldst thou betray me. Give me another proof of thy sincerity—take a step which will set you for ever at enmity with the reighbouring tribes? the neighbouring tribes."

What shall I do?" said the Tscherkess, pale with rage at this want of

The general replied, "Here is M. de T., whom I wish to send to General R.; conduct him so that he may, en route, have an opportunity of taking an accurate survey of all the mountains through which he is to pass, and bring him back safe to where we now are"

him back safe to where we now are "
The General well knew that such a step woul for ever preclude the possibility of his returning to the hostile tribes M. de T. was long since prepared for an undertaking of this kind; he had allowed his beard to grow after the manner of the Tscherkessen, and wished, in case Kara Murza should enter into his plan, to pass for a deaf and dumb prisoner of one of the other tribes, a very difficult undertaking; for the customs of all these mountain races are so fixed, and their different modes of dressing themselves and carrying their weapons, although slight variations may exist, are so generally known to all the kindred tribes, that one must be very well acquainted with all the peculiarities of these people in order to be able to play such a part with any the kindred tribes, that one must be very well acquainted with all the peculiarities of these people in order to be able to play such a part with any chance of success. On M. de T.'s side it required no small degree of courage and artifice to carry this plan into execution, but Kara Murza also exposed himself to the greatest danger in case of discovery; nevertheless the latter acceded to the proposal, and fulfilled his promise in every particular. Since that period he has been a faithful ally of the Russians, has frequently fought for them, and even lost an eye in their service. With the most disinterested contempt of danger he delivered M. de T., who had been taken prisoner by the Tscherkessen in a second expedition of the same nature, on which he had ventured alone. ventured alon

GENERAL SASS AND DSCHIMBULET AITEK

otherwise, on dismounting, each man remains by his horse, and leaning his left arm on the saddle, he stands in statue-like stillness and sullen watchfulness. On this occasion, Kara Murza's attendants appeared with their caps pulled over their brows, and remained standing by their horses.

General Sass remained seated before his kibitka (a sort of tent), quietly smoking his pipe, the only weapon which he habitually carries; but without which he is never seen. He is a tall thin man, with solemn features, tho calm expression of which is but seldom changed; but it is easy to perceive when his anger has been awakened, as then a momentary red flush comes over the white of his eyes. His body is covered with wounds, especially one of his feet, the office of his eyes. His body is covered with wounds, especially one of his learn then a momentary that it dangles learnly from his learn then and ammunitized into the heatile districts.

GENERAL SASS AND DSCHIMBULET AITEK.

One of the bravest, most expert, and most dreaded warriors of the Caucanness. To have this man for an ally instead of an enemy, was a matter of no small importance; it may be, therefore, easily imagined that, in our great joy at finding him willing to leave the mountain and settle in the plair, amongst those inhabitants who were friendly to Russia, we granted him what is called a carte blanche, that is, a Government protection, which secured him the right of free trade with Russia. Unfortunately, nowever, we had been deceived in this man's character, and he very soon fell of the plair, amongst those inhabitants who were friendly to Russia, we granted him what is called a carte blanche, that is, a Government protection, which secured him the right of free trade with Russia. Unfortunately, nowever, we had been deceived in this man's character, and he very soon fell of the plair, among the plair and settle in the plair, among the plair and settle in the plair, among the plair and matter of no small importance; it may be the seall of the plair and matter of no

fore not a little surprised when we heard the General talk of the intercepted letter so openly and so frequently, that Dschimbulet Aitek must at length hear of the matter. Sass knew his man Immediately Dschimbulet Aitek had ascertained that the General could no longer be in doubt as to his treachery, in order to ward off an attack by surprise, which he thought likely to ensue, he determined on getting his great wealth into some place of security that is, into the mountains. When this had been accomplished, the General arranged an expedition, the end and objects of which no one could ascertain. Bodies of troops were put in motion in several different directions, and the march of each detachment was made to cross that of all the others at a certain point, at which each corps was ordered secretly to leave behind a small detachment, until at length a strong force was assembled there, without having attracted attention. The General now himself arrived from an entirely different quarter, and a forced night's march enabled him to surprise the aul in which the treasure lay, and which was wholly unprepared against the foray. He returned home, carrying with him the entire of his rich booty—a mongst other things, several costly shirts of mail.

It is easy to conceive the rage into which the news of this expedition threw

It is easy to conceive the rage into which the news of this expedition threw Dschimbulet Aitek. Both his riches, his entire importance, his whole influence was gone, but he dare not say a word; any complaint of his on the subject would have borne witness against himself—for what but treachery could have induced him to take his riches into the enemy's country? And we, of course, pretended that we did not know to whom the rich booty had originally belonged. This mainful situation tanged up the content. originally belonged. This painful situation fanned up the suppressed reg the hitherto powerful chief to such a pitch, that he resolved on mordering General. Meanwhile Sass had so surrounded the false friend with spies, that he soon heard of this plan. It is necessary to know that every Tscherkess has a friend to whom he communicates, without reserve, all his intentions; this friend again has another confident; and thus it is only necessary to gain over one out of the whole coterie of friendship in order to ascertain the secrets

One morning the General told us with the greatest nonchalance tha One morning the General told us with the greatest nonchalance that Dschimbulet Aitek would come to shoot him that very day. Our most earnest entreaties, either not to receive him, or to take some precautionary measures, were repulsed with his usual stern sang froid. Within a short time the dreaded Dschimbulet really came, and desired to speak in private with the General, on which Sass immediately entered the kibitka with him alone. We had had time to remark that Dschimbulet held a long pistol concealed under his sleeve (which, as a sign of hamility towards a superior, he had let down so as to cover his hands*); with the other hand he constantly grasped the handle of the pistol. Our anxiety was therefore increased to the utmost as the door closed behind them, and the dispute between them became more and more noisy. At length they came out again, General Sass with reddened eyes, but otherwise perfectly calm, and, as usual, smoking his pipe; Dschimbulet Aitek, on the contrary, in the greatest possible agitation the pistol still under his sleeve. And so he went away, cesting dark and threatening looks around him, and not saluting any one; and it may be considered as a piece around him, and not saluting any one; and it may be considered as a piece of good fortune that death soon afterwards laid hold of him.

of good fortune that death soon afterwards laid hold of him.

After having expressed our delight at seeing our beloved General once more in safety, we ascertained that he had so overawed his terrible antagonist by merely fixing his eyes steadily on him, that the latter could not find a moment to put his design into execution. "The ragamuffia," said the General, "did not dare to draw out his pistol, I knew that well; but at his first threatening movement I would have felled him to the ground like an ox."

AN APRIL FOOL IN THE JUNGLES.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Nundydroog is, as I have said, a strong hill-fort in the Mysore Rajah' Nundydroog is, as I have said, a strong hill-fort in the Mysore Rajah's dominions; situated on the very summit of a mountain which has been accounted 1700 feet high, and inaccessible throughout three-fourths of its circumference, it ranked as one of the principal strong-holds of the Mahrattas, from whom it was taken by Hyder Ali, after a tedious blockade of no less than three years: an equal number of weeks sufficed to place it in the hands of the British in 1791, when it was captured by storm after an obstinate defence. In the year 1817, ours was the only battalion cantoned there; and the occurrences I am about to relate took place in that season when Madras is at its hottest, and winds, finding no dews nor waters to cool them, waft airs around that seem like the exhalations of a heated oven. It was about the end of March that I became the prime mover of a jest

them matras is at its notes, and that seem like the exhalations of a heated oven. It was about the end of March that I became the prime mover of a jest played off upon a young griffin who had recently joined us; a jest that led to my subsequent performance of the undignified part that confers a title to this article—The April Fool in the Jungles!

The juvenile ensign, by name Lloyd, was a fine, frank youth, abundantly green, to be sure, and consequently, as all griffins are, until the first year of their noviciate in India is out, he was constantly subjected to the thousand-and-one contrivances by which his mess-mates, initiated by similar processes into the mysteries of "life in the colonies," strove to puzzle, perplex, and dupe him. Idleness is the original toad which hatches the cockatrice eggs that produce mischief; and though with us all was fun and gaieté de cœur, malice being a thing that mixed not with our glee, the joke in question was very nearly proving fatal in its effects to me. The tricks, that are generally mise en action to enlighten the new arrival through the medium of a deceiving lens, are seldom followed by such results.

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"Lloyd says he wants to buy a smart young tattoo (pony)," said I, one day, when our new friend was absent—" suppose we borrow Subidar Chinnoo's old white horse, make it up into a young bay, and sell it to him." Upon this hint we acted in concert. The Subidar, one of our most esteemed native officers, was a jolly old fellow, and entered heartily into the joke, lending his faithful steed of many years for the plot, and putting us in the way of the suggested making up with an inventive facility which conduced

broken; but everything was done with so much cunning that for a long time every endeavour to acquire certain proof against him was in vain. At length a letter of Dschimbulet Aitek was intercepted, in which he reported to one of the bostile mountain chiefs, that on a certain day he would send him another cargo of arms, and that he would take care to prevent the possibility of pur suit by cutting the rope of the bridge, as on former occasions.

Having thus attained the most positive proof of his treachery, we all supposed that General Sass would fit out an expedition with all possible secrecy and despatch, and surprise and punish this traitorous ally. We were therefore not a little surprised when we heard the General talk of the intercepted letter so openly and so frequently, that Dschimbulet Aitek must at length hear of the matter. Sass knew his man Immediately Dschimbulet Aitek had ascertained that the General could no longer be in doubt as to his treachery, in order to ward off an attack by surprise, which he thought likely.

mess-house door, on a certain day in March, nothing more nor less than a golden bay!

Poor Lloyd, whose ignorance as a connoisseur of cavalry equalled my own, was easily induced to purchase the tattoo, and for the following three days might be seen vainly endeavoring to force the tortoise-paced old animal to break into a trot, on the drill-ground: on the fourth day, for reasons which shall appear, we managed to keep the ensign engaged, so that he had no opportunity of seeing his steed; and on the morning of the fifth, as we adjourned after a long course of kowaeed (military exercise) to the mess-house, where we had ordered breakfast to be prepared, we considered that everything was ready for the dénouement.

"A slice of that omelette before you, Lloyd?" said I. "Shall I give

that everything was ready for the denouement.

"A slice of that omelette before you, Lloyd?" said I. "Shall I give you in exchange some of this tamarind fish?"

"Thank you," answered Lloyd, "it is too sour for me. I'll take some of the devilled turkey. Do you eat chutnee with your omelette?" (Now, in these modern days, it may be unnecessary to explain the nature of that

hot spicy condiment called chutnee.) "No, but you may mix a little of it with your tiar" (coagulated milk, of a pleasant subacid taste, and always eaten with sugar, or jam). "By the bye, Lloyd, I fear that tattoo of yours turns out a failure."

"A slow coach, decidedly," said Lloyd, shaking his head—"I can't get him even to trot."

him even to trot."

"I cannot help thinking he would suit a bandy (gig); suppose you were to buy Subidar Chinnoo's pony, which he wishes to sell, and drive tandem; they would make a capital pair."

"They are so like each other," chimed in the colonel.

"Like?" cried Lloyd, "why Subidar's is white?"

"Well, and what do you call yours?—not black?" said Crowe.

"I call it a very bright, beautiful bay," was the reply.

"What?" "What?" "What?" cried severally every one of us.

"Are you mad, Lloyd? Why, your tattoo is as white as—as Lee's whiskers!"

Everybody laughed, but Lee.

"What stuff!" said Lloyd, getting annoyed, "do you mean to say that he peny I bought before you all, is not a bay pony?"

"To be sure," said we, "the pony is a white one, and no mistake,"

"I wish you would bet me a dozen of champagne about it!" cried

Done!" cried we-" we bet a dozen of champagne that your tattoo is

Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Lloyd-"as white as the Subidar's pony or Lee's whisken "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed everybody but Lee; "of course!"

"Ha: ha: ha: ha: haughed everybody but Lee; "of course!"
"Done!" and "done!"
"Butler," said Lloyd, turning round to the fat Parsee who bore that
conorable distinction in our mess—"you know my new pony!"
"Hàn sahib! yes, sir!"
"What do you call its color?"

Sahibka ghora bahoot suffide hie.

"Sahibka ghora bahoot suffide hie."

"Say that in English, butler," adjured Lloyd, seeing that we all laughed.

"Master's horse is too much white," said the butler, in his best British.
Lloyd stared at us, ineffably puzzled.

"It is an optical delusion;" said Lovekin, the doctor—"it is a disease of the eyes to which young men recently imported are subject. My poor boy, let me examine them. A blister or two, or an issue behind each ear—a simple pea issue may be of use; it is Eyeobgreenonia!

"D——n your eyes!" cried Lloyd, with unnistakeable fierceness, "the bet has been taken, and must stand. Let's go to the stable at once."

And to the stable we accordingly adjourned, where, in consequence of repeated and thorough ablutions, the tattoo stood placidly before us, white as now! It was the stolid look of amazement, almost of fear, with which Lloyd cried out, "by Jupiter, it is white! well, thank heaven, I have lost my bet, for my eyes are all right again. They must have been in a dangerous way, for me to take that animal for a bay!"

That stirred the embers of our smouldering mirth into a blaze of laugher, in which Lloyd heartily joined, when matters were explained to him

That stirred the embers of our smouldering mirth into a blaze of laughter, in which Lloyd heartily joined, when matters were explained to him The champagne was quaffed joyously; and, as he drank my health as prime mover of the joke, I little guessed that he was quietly meditating a return in kind. When it came, however, I felt that his revenge was merited by me, though it cost me a series of shivers, enough to convert the hottest courage into cowardly ice. With the same facility with which I had found aiders and abettors in my projects against him, did he find willing assistants to retaliate upon me: nor had I a single suspicion of the plot that was in existence when, one evening as we sat at mess, a coolly (porter) brought in a chitt (note) addressed to me, and conceived in the following terms:—

"Dear C.: I am on civil duty at Moorgapett, within ten miles of you, across the Dora hills; be here to-morrow evening, and pass the night. You shall have a pilaw, some laul shrab, and a charpage."

"Yours, ELLERSLIE."

Now, Ellerslie was the collector of the district, and one of my dearest friends—celebrated for his hospitality, and famed for his pilaws, curries, and laul shrab (claret). So, without an afterthought, I obtained leave to proceed on the ensuing afternoon to Moorgapett, and enquired for the bearer of the note, as I was anxious to enlist him as a guide. He had, however, disappeared; but while I was utterly ignorant of the country, and only knew that the village I had to visit lay amongst the hilly jungles towards Ghooty, I ordered a guide to be in readiness, determining to take a long afternoon's pleasure with my gun, as I went along; for I was a determined pedestrian, seldom mounting a horse.

It was four o'clock when I set off on what I did not in the least suspect to be a wild-goose chase. The heat in March is intense—it was in fact the 1st day of April, though it did not then occur to me, and a hot dry wind blew across the prairie as we proceeded. I shot a quail or two, but we had

^{*}The more respective the Asiatics wish to appear, so much the more of eal of their persons; whilst the civilized Europeans uncover so much the more of milar occasions; so that beautiful women in Western Europe, when in full dressely cover those parts of their person which it is strictly necessary to conceal.—on Thos.

and with which it lashed the ground around until every plant that grew near it lay broken! It was a whip-snake!

The monkey meanwhile, aware of its temporary advantage, looked about, and for the first time seemed to be cognizant of our presence. Was it instinct, then, which suggested the course it should take? for, as if it know the natural enmity which exists between man and serpent, and counted upon that feud as a token of assistance, it sprang suddenly towards us, and with a bound laced its forelegs round the Paria, looking at me with such a look of imploring human suffering, that I could no more withstand it then that I can describe it now. There was at once an appeal and a trust in that look, of which none could suppose the facial expressions of the ape tribe capable. It did not scream, nor cry, nor scratch, nor bite, but clung panting and sobbing to the Paria, who turning yellow with deadly fear, fell to the earth; while at the same time, and just as the snake was close upon us, I found myself free from the poor fellow's grasp, and retreated to a short distance: praying that the stone-still body of the Paria, on which the serpent had already passed, while the monkey crouched be neath it, might retain its stirless position, I raised my gun and fired! The reptile fell, shot right through the venomous head! Writing and look towards me, which said "Thank you!" as plainly as ever tongue spoks, darted ways into the woods!

The Paria had fainted from sheer terror, nor was it without some difficulty I restored him to animation. Much time nessed as the without some difficulty I restored him to animation. Much time nessed as the definition of the pray had been any place and the manglor of the paria had fainted from sheer terror, nor was it without some difficultry I restored him to animation. Much time nessed as the most and the manglor of the paria had fainted from sheer terror, nor was it without some difficultry I restored him to animation. Much time nessed as the most and place in the faint of the part of the p

special part of the said "Thank you!" as plainly as ever tongue spoke, darted away into the woods!

The Paria had fainted from sheer terror, norwas it without some difficulty Irestored him to animation. Much time passed ere the panic that impaired his senses for the moment yielded to my assurances of the disappearance of all danger; and when we again broke into the path, the such a bright of India was gathering around us. We advanced without interruption, at a brisk pace, although the signal danger from which as was evident from his starts of trepidation at the slightest noise. If we were the path to have a was evident from his starts of trepidation at the slightest noise. If the root of a tree across the path looked anake-like in the tree will require the root of a tree across the path hoped our proximity to Moorgapet we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to make the proper section of a stateman presented themselves, to choose! I considered that to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to make the proper section of the path to see the path to work in the proper section of the path to see the path to work in the path to move in any direction was preferable to remaining where we were, and to make the proper section of the path to make the path to

slowly overcome four or five miles of our road before anything took place to make me rejoice at having taken my gun, when entering a narrow path that led through a stretch of jungle, we flushed a peacock. Determined upon following up the bird, I plunged into the jungle, where I spent nearly shalf an hour in a vain attempt to find it, and oppressed with heaf, two particles of the kuronda upon following up the bird, I plunged into the jungle, where I spent nearly shalf an hour in a vain attempt to find it, and oppressed with heaf, two are freshing my parched mouth with the pleasant acid berries of the kuronda (carises carandae), when a cry from the native who acted as my guide, startled me, from the emphasis of terror which seemed to fill it.

Graped him, as to my astonishment, he russed lowards me, clinging to me in unmistakeable horror. Up amongst the trees, then down upon the ground, and again on the tops of the bushes, I beheld a large grey monkey, alone, and evidently excited by some emotion of rage, or violence. But I knew that monkeys are no objects of fear or aversion to the natives of mile, there was the monkey are no objects of fear or aversion to the natives of mile, the work of the mile of the plant of the plant is the plant of the many miles and the plant of th

All the truth burst in upon me like a flash of lightning! A note fell from the parcel: it contained a few words:—
"Dear Calder: Allow me to return, with interest, the hoax you played off upon me some days ago. I pay my debt on the most legitimate date, the 1st of April. I hope you have enjoyed your trip with some imaginary collector and his cool claret. To make up for any disappointment, however, you may expect a lot of us to picnic for the day at Moorgapett, where we shall join you by nine o'clock, to breakfast.

"Thine much, Wm. LLOYD."

Nine o'clock came, and so did my brother officers: but when they heard

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State who would influence them must learn the art of commonding the ear linemattary life, indeed, up to within the last fifteen pears, they look chameleous and the passions or perjudices of that assembly. Of that art Sir Rosent Peel has obtained the mastery. Therefore he acts wisely, with the carming and the peel has obtained the mastery. Therefore he acts wisely, with the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the carming and the peel has been decided to the peel has been decided

can a man even strive at high eloquence, whose political fate condemns hin to play such a part? You cannot get rid of the difficulty by a general charge of medicirity. Used in this case, mediocrity is a term of comparison, disparaged ment. But where there is no sim at any thing higher—on the contrary, a studious avoidance—the term appears misapplied if it means an inherent medicirity. To be equal to your position, in whatever sphere, is a sign of greatness of mind. To shape out your own measure of praise. Sir Robert knows his men, and speaks to them in the language they understand. The Commons are to him a large jury, and he manages them in the spirit of an advocate. This rejection of all objects save that of obtaining influence over the House of Commons has necessitated a constant sacrifice of consistency in opinion Sir Robert has been the leader and mouthpiece of his party through singularly chequered and changing events. He led their opposition to Emancipation; he expounder, if not the originator, of their conforming and conservancy when the Reform bill had become law. In the long and glorious campaign of the expounder, if not the originator, of their conforming and conservancy who more eloquent or more apparently sincere in denouring the policy of the administration than Sir Robert Peel? He comes into office with an overpowering mejority, in which to adopt those portions of the Mrig measures which would raily the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is a large infusion of the merca leder there! He comes into office with an overpowering megionity, in which there is a large infusion of the mercantile interest, and his first act in power is the desired of the desired of the word of the word

secure substantial influence as a statesman. Some may be prepared to combat this; to say that Sir Robert Peel's inherent mediocrity is such that he could not, if he would, have rivalled even the most distinguished of living orators, much less the mighty dead. But it is difficult to suppose that a man of such high and varied attainments, one in whom the scholastic fervour has survived amidst the uncongenial pursuits of a stormy political life, one who, as for instance in his speech at Glasgow, and in some few of his speeches in Parliament, or at public places, has breathed the purer atmosphere of poetry and philosophy; it is scarcely possible to believe that, had he early devoted himself to the study and imitation of the greatest models, to the perfection of style, to the discriminating choice of language, he could not have elevated himself as an orator to et at public places, his breaked the purer atmosphere of postry and philosophy; it is searcely possible to believe that, had he early devoted nimelf to the study and ministion of the greatest models, to the perfection of style, to the discriminating choice of language, he could not have elevated himself as an onator to the highest rank. No; Sr Kohert Peel's aim is different. His political weight depends on his power of charming or influencing the House of Commons. He has at odded political opinion until even its innutest shades are made palpable to him. They are all more or less represented in the popular assembly, and the propose of the propose of the popular depends on the propose of t tages and disadvantages, in all of which he adroitly rouses the prejudices slumbering for the moment around him, and establishes a sympathy with each; centering hopes in himself, and setting old hatreds against each other; until, having thus led the various parties into a mental mélée, he winds up with an 'upon the whole," leading, with pempous affectation of resolve, to a declaration of what he means to do, which, in fact, comprises—in an artful woof of phrases, sounding, but bodiless—almost every thing that he does not mean to do Meanwhile he has skiffully diverted the attention of all from the real point at issue, to their mutual jealousies and aspertites. Ten to one he sits down "amidst loud cheers," having uttered much, but avowed nothing. It may be asked, how can such a body be so transparently cajoled? The answer is, It is done—done every day, in almost every speech; and, the more it is done, the information of the sensitions character which invites criticism. They are political manneutres and purposes pat into language, because a free constitution requires for the anxibitious character which invites criticism. They are political manneutres and purposes put into language, because a free constitution requires for the anxibitious character which invites criticism. They are political manneutres and purposes put into language, because a free constitution requires for the elements of thought he finds in the House of Commons, and that the poople shall be parties to the policy of statesmen. The difference could be assemblage below; for the curiosity attached to the debates trusts to each party liking the ingredient it has separately contributed to the hash.

A stranger to the House of Commons, who, having heard of Sir Robert! A stranger to the House of Commons, who, having heard of Sir Robert to the House of Commons, who, having heard of Sir Robert leading the protion of this audition to the bold extravagances out of the elements of thought he finds in the House of Commons, and decidence, where females, and con

A stranger to the House of Commons, who, having heard of Sir Robert Peel's influence there, had conceived some ideal portrait of a great orator, would assuredly be disappointed. He would observe in his speeches a want of strong reasoning on fixed principles, a lax, loose, many-sided mode of viewing the most vital questions, and a great command of that sort of logic which takes in common minds by clever fallacies. He would look in vain for vivid ing the most vital questions, and a great command of that sort of logic which takes in common minds by clever fallacies. He would look in vain for vivid imagination or profound thought. He would find no outline of a complete scheme of policy, nor any one ruling idea with which his own views and political sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce inartificial call sympathies could associate. The style he would pronounce in a strain of the action of a complete with extraneous matter and the speaker has so many ends to gam, that a perfect plan would be impossible. He would complain of verbosity, of repetition of ideas, nay, whole arguments, in different words and then imperfectly expressed, of a pervading pretension to something very profound which constantly falls short of accompishment. Of the action used by the speaker he would be tempted to say that it was neither modest as becomes an unassuming reasoner, nor commanding as ought to be the action of a great orator. He would be tempted to say that it was neither modest as becomes an unassuming reasoner, nor commanding as ought to be the action of a great orator. He would be tempted to say that it was neither modest as becomes an unassuming reasoner, nor commanding as ought to be the action of a great orator. He would be tempted to say that it was neither modest as becomes an unassuming reasoner, nor commanding as ought to be the action of a great orator. He would be tempted to say that it was neither modest as becomes an unassuming

conflict produced some new champion.

The actual construction of the senate house stimulated the national propersity for display. The House of Commons was an immense circular hall, surmounted with a lofty dome. A gallery supported by columns was formed round the base of the dome, with seats for seven hundred persons, but on crowded occasions capable of containing more; the whole highly ornamented, and constituting a rotunda, uniting grandeur with remarkable architectural elegance. Thus every member acted in the sight of a large audience, however thin might be the assembluge below; for the curiosity attached to the debates was so powerful, that the spacious gallery was generally full. But the nature of that audience excited the still stronger temptation to the bold extravagances of the frish temperament. The chief portion of this auditory were females, and those the most distinguished of Ireland; women of wit, beauty, and title, the leaders of fashion, and often the most vivid and zealous partizans in politics—of all audiences, the most hazardous to the soberness of public deliberation. As if with the express purpose of including every element adverse to the calmness of council, the students of the neighbouring university possessed the privilege of entrée to the gallery; and there, with the heated imaginations of youth, and every feeling trained by the theories of Greek and Roman Republicanism, they sat, night after night, watching the ministerial movements of a harassed monarchy.

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the gallery, were critics whose contempt was not to be resisted; and no putore, assembly, since the days of the Polish pospolite, ever settled so many points of debate in the shape of points of honour.

At length Opposition rallied, and resolved to make a general assault upon the Administration. Like their English friends, they had been stunned for a while by the suddenness of the outbreak. But as the Turkish populace, in a configaration or the plague, no sooner recover from their first fright than they discover the cause in the government, and march to demand the head of the vizier; the popular orators had no sooner found leisure to look round them, han they marshalled their bands, and demanded the dismissal of all antagonist authority. I was first to be torn down. I stood in the gate, and while I held the keys, there was no entrance for expectant ambition. I waved the flag in the breach, and until the banner was swept away, the storm was ineffectual Yet this turning the whole weight of party vindictiveness on my head, gave from a sense of injury, and which magnifies with the magnitude of the trial. In other times, I might have abandoned the struggle; but, with the eyes of a nation thus brought upon me, and all the ablest men of the opposite benches was in the most feverish activity; lampoons, pamphlets, and letters to the leading journals, the whole machinery of the paragraph-world was in full work round me; and even the Administration despaired of my being able to resist the uproar—all but one, and the chancellor. I had sat long past midnight with him on the early of scandalous neglect, or more scandalous publication from the carge of scandalous neglect, or more scandalous publication, or from an utter insensibility to personal name and treachery to my friends, the carge of scandalous neglect, or more scandalous publication or my sense. The theory of scandalous neglect, or more scandalous publication or my sense. The though had nearly deprived me of my sense. The though nad and would have dashed my forehead

the hazard of the die."

The eventful night came at last; for days before, every organ of public opinion was in the most feverish activity; lampoons, pamphlets, and letters to the leading journals, the whole machinery of the paragraph-world was in full work round me; and even the Administration despaired of my being able to resist the uproar—all but one, and that one the noblest and the most gifted of them all, my friend the chancellor. I had sat long past midnight with him on the eve of the coming struggle; and I received his plaudits for my determination. He talked with all his usual loftiness, but with more than his usual feeling.

"Within the part twenty four hours," said he, "your fate, will be decided."

ment, and threatened them with the especial vengeance of the law, for obstructing me in the performance of my duty.

This announcement evidently had its effect, at least in changing the subject of their consultation: and, after another whisper, one of their number stepped up to me, and said that I must follow him. My refusal brought the group again round me, and I was forced down the stairs, and through a succession of airless and mined vaults, until we reached a massive door. There a signal was given, and was answered from within; but the door continued closed.

My amotions during all this period were agentizing. I might not have felt

composition. Every casual collision of debate became personal. The most trivial play of pleasantry was embittered into an insult; the simplest sting of passing controversy was often to be healed only by a rencounter in the field. For the whole was acted on a public stage, with the élite of the nation looking down from the performance. The hundreds of bright eyes glancing down from the gallery, were critics whose contempt was not to be resisted; and no public assembly, since the days of the Polish pospolite, ever settled so many points of debate in the shape of points of honour.

mere and even the Administration despaired of my being able to resist uproar—all but one, and that one the noblest and the most gifted of them with uproar—all but one, and that one the noblest and the most gifted of them with the grant of conspirators, every life all, my friend the chancellor. I had ast long past midnight with him on the reversity of the coming struggle; and I received his plaudits for my determination. He talked with all his usual loftiness, but with more than his usual feeding.

"Within the next twenty-fourbours," said he, "your fate will be decided, But in public life, the event is not the dishonour; it is the countenance with which we meet it, that make all the difference between success and hame. If you fall, you will fall like a man of character. If you triumph, your guecess will be unalloyed by any baseness of purchase." I told him sincerely, that I have into a proposed the proposed of the man who is resolved not to be frightened over the matter may turn out in the debate." Said he, rising and taking his lever the shall be no humiliation in the conduct of government, even if we should be defeated. Persevert to the last. The world is all chances, and that the conduct of government, even if we should be defeated. Persevere to the last. The world is all chances, and the revolt is and the revolt of the man who is resolved not to be frightened to easy the proposal of the grain and tory. "You, sir," he continued, with the soleculity and the revolt of any other proposal of his grim auditory. "You, sir," he continued, with the soleculity and prepared, had suffered losses. Insured the patch and the revolt of any other proposal of his grim auditory. "You, sir," he continued, with the soleculity and prepared, had suffered losses. Insured the patch and the revolt of any other proposal of his grim auditory. "You, sir," he continued, with the soleculity and the revolt of said to send the analysis of the proposal of the proposal of counties were driving to the hotels, crowded with children and domestica; were making their way for security into the country. All was confusion, lurry, and is it in this infamous way," he ficreely exclaimed, "that you show you will be arrived by those way and the country. All was confusion, lurry, able but by those who have been on the spot. It singularly harassed and exhausted me; and at length, for the purpose of escaping the whole sight and sensation together, I turned from the spacious range of streets which led to the House; and made my way along one of the narrow and obscure lanes which, ya libed on the national taste, were still suffered to remain in the vicinity of an edifice worthy of the days of imperial Rome.

My choice was an unlucky one, for I had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when I found my passage obstructed by a crowd evidently waiting with some answer to make, but required that I should be suffered to pass on. "A spy, a spy! down with him!" was the exclamation of a dozen voices. A rush was made upon me, and notwithstanding my struggle to break through, I was overwhelmed, grasped by the arms, and hurried into the entrance of a house in utter darkness. I expected only a dagger in my heart, and from the muttered tones and words which escaped my captors, not one of whom could I discorry. I have over man of you will be arrested. I flow to save you; now judge of my honour to the cause. You have only to make your escape, and thank the charge, and passionately demanded proofs. But my aforty was not complete. I have over man of you will be arrested. I flow to save you; now judge of my honour to the cause. You have only to make your escape and thank the charge of their consultation: and, after another whisper, one of their consultation: and, after another whisper, one of their consultation and, after another whisper, one of their consultation is and, after another whisper, one of their consultation is and, after another whisper, one of their consultation is and, after another whisper, one of their con

or their consultation; and, after another whisper, one of their number stepped up to me, and said that I must follow him. My refusal brought the group again round me, and I was forced down the stairs, and through a succession of airless and reined vaults, until we reached a massive door. There a signal was given, and was answered from within; but the door continued closed.

My emotions during all this period were agonizing. I might not have felt in darkness without the power of a struggle, or the chance of my fate being ever accounted for; death by the hands of assassins, and in a spot of obscure batchery, was doubly appailing. But an hour before, I had been the first man it the country, and now what was 1? an unhappy object of reffian thirst of bood destined to die in a charnel, and be tossed among the rubbish of ruffian hands, to moulder unknown. Without condescending to implore, I now strongly attempted to reason with my captors on the atrocity of offering violence to a stranger, and on the certainty that they would gain more by giving me my

puted my absence to any motive unbecoming my personal honour. Thus, when I entered the House, nervous with apprehension, I was received with a when I entered the House, nervous with apprehension, I was received with a general cheer; my colleagues crowded round me with enquiries and congratulations: members crossed from the opposite benches to express their welcome. The galaxy of the living and the lovely in the gallery, which the expectation of the great debate had filled with all the fash onable portion of the capital chiefly toe, in full dress, as was the custom of the time, glanced down approvingly on me; and, when at last I took my seat. I felt myself flattered by being the centre of one of the most splendid and interesting assemblies in the world.

The House was at length husbed, and Grattan rose. I cannot revert to the memory of that evidencies me without a mixture of admiration and melan-

The House was at length hushed, and Grattan rose I cannot revert to the memory of that extraordinary man, without a mixture of admiration and melancholy—admiration for his talents, and melancholy for the feeling that such talents should expire with the time, and be buried in the common dust of the sepulchre. As a senatorial orator, he was incontestably the greatest whom I have ever heard. With but little pathos, and with no pleasantry, I never heard any man so universally, perpetually, and powerfully, command the attention of the House. There was the remarkable peculiarity in his language, that while the happiest study of others is to conceal their art, his simplicity had the manner of art. It was keen, concentrated and polished, by nature. His element was grandeor; the plainest conception in his hands, assumed a lofti element was grandeor; the plainest conception in his hands, assumed a lofti ness and power which elevated the mind of his hearers, as much as it convinced their reason. As it was said of Michael Angelo, that every touch of his ed their reason. As it was said of Michael Angelo, that every touch of his chisel was life, and that he struck out features and forms from the marble with the power of a creator, Grattan's mastery of high conceptions was so innate, that he invested every topic with a sudden magaitude, which gave the most casual things a commanding existence to the popular eye. It was thus, that the grievance of a casual impost, the delinquencies of a police, the artifices of an election, or the informalities of a measure of finance, became under hishand historic subjects, immortal themes, splendid features, and recollections of intellectual triumph. If the Pyramids were built to contain the dust of nameless kings and sacrificed cattle, his eloquence erected over materials equally tra sitory, memorials equally innerishable.

ly tra sitory, memorials equally imperishable.

His style has been criticised, and has been called affected and epigrammatic.

But, what is style to the true orator? His triumph is effect—what is to him its compound? What is it to the man who has the thunderbolt in his hands, of what various, nay, what earthly—nay, what vaporous, material it may be formed? Its blaze, its rapidity, and its penetration, are its essential value; and smitting, piercing, and consuming, it is the instrument of irresistible nawer.

But Grattan was an orator by profession, and the only one of his day. The great English speakers adopted oratory simp y as the means of their public superiority. Pitt's was the oratory of a ruler of empire; with Fox. oratory was the strong, massive, and yet flexible instrument of a leader of party. But with Grattan it was a faculty, making a portion of the man, scarcely connected with external things, and neither curbed nor guided by the necessities of his political existence. If Grattan had been born among the backwoodsmen, he would have been an orator, and have been persuasive among the men of the hatchet and the rifle. Wherever the tongue of man could have given superiority, or the flow and vigour of conception could have given pleasure, he would have attained eminence and dispensed delight. If he had not found an audience, he would have addressed the torrents and the trees; he would have sent forth his voice to the inaccessible mountains, and have appealed to the inscruforth his voice to the inaccessible mountains, and have appealed to the inscru-table stars. It is admitted, that in the suffering condition of Ireland, he had a table stars. It is admitted, that in the suffering condition of Ireland, he had a prodigious opportunity; but, among thousands of bold, ardent, and intellectual men, what is his praise who alone rushes to their front, and seizes the opportunity? The English rule over the sister country has been charged some times as tyranny, which was a libel; and sometimes as injustice, which was an error; but it had an unhappy quality which embraced the evils of both—it was invidious. The only map of Ireland which lay before the English cabinet of the eighteenth century, was the map of the sixteenth—a chart spotted with the gore of many bottles, not the less bloody that they were obscure; and disfigured with huge, discoloured spaces of barbarism. They forgot the lapse of time, and that time had since covered the graves of the past with a living race, and was filling up the swamps of the wilderness with the vigour and the passions of a new and glowing people. They still governed on the guidance of the obsolete map, and continued to administer a civilized nation with the only sceptre fit for barbarism—the sword. By a similar misconception, while they declared the islands one indivisible empire, they governed them on the principle of eternal separation. No Irishman was ever called across the narrow strait between the two countries, to take a stare in the offices, or enjoy the honours of England. Irish ambition, thwarted in its own country, might wander for ever, like Virgil's unburied ghosts, on the banks of the Irish Channel, without a hope of passing that political Styx. The sole connexion of the islands was between Whitehall and the Castle—between power and placemen—between cabinits and viceroys. It never descended to the level of the nation. connexion of the islands was between Whitehall and the Castle—between power and placemen—between cabinets and viceroys. It never descended to the level of the nation. It was a slight and scarcely visibly communication, a galvanic wire, significant only at the extremities, instead of a public language and buman association—instead of a bond of heart with heart—an amalgamation of people with people. Posterity will scarcely believe that the neglect of unity should have so nearly approached to the study of separation. Even the coin of the two countries was different in impress and in value—the privileges of trade were different—the tenure of property was different—the regulations of the customs (things which penetrate through all ranks) were different—and a whole army of revenue officers were embodied to carry on those commercial hostilities. The shores of the "Sister Islands" presented to each other the vew of rival frontiers, and the passage of a fragment of Irish produce was as impracticable as if it had been contraband of war.

It was Grattan who first broke down this barrier, and he thus rendered the

impracticable as if it had been contraband of war.

It was Grattan who first broke down this barrier, and he thus rendered the mighty service of doubling the strength of the empire; perhaps rendered the still mightier service of averting its separation and its ruin. As the nation had grown strong, it had grown sullen; its disgusts was ripening into wrath; and its sense of injury might speedily have sought its relief in national revenge. And yet it is only justice to acknowledge that this evil arose simply from negligible on the next of England; that there was no design of tyranny, none of And yet it is only justice to acknowledge that this evil arose simply from negligence on the part of England; that there was no design of tyranny, none of the sultan spirit in the treatment of the rayah. But no minister had yet started up in English concils capable of the boldness of throwing open the barrier; tigations were afterwards continued by Perkins, and Oersted of Copenhagen; and still later, the French Academy awarded a prize to Messieurs Sturm and

But I was fortunately disappointed. By some means, which I could never subsequently ascertain, a rumour of my seizure had reached the House; and the present he shape of the future, and pierces the mists, which, to inferior minds magnify the near into giant size, while they extinguish the distant altogether. But no man can ever write the annals of England, without a grow-tesy which distinguished their leaders, even proposed the adjournment of their motion; the messengers of the House were dispatched in all directions to bring some tidings of me; and I had afterwards the satisfaction to find that none imputed my absence to any motive unbecoming my nersonal honour. Thus, tog consciousness that magnanimity has been the instinct of her dominion; that she has been liberal on principle, and honest by nature; that even in the chillest and darkest hour of her sovereignty, this influence has existed unimpaired, and like gravitation on the globe, that it has accompanied and impelled her, day and night alike, through the whole circuit of her proud and powerful

This was the glorious period of Grattan's public life. His task, by universal confession, was the noblest that could be enjoined on man, and he sustained it with powers fitted to its nobleness. On the later portion of his history I have no desire to touch. The most hazardous temptation of early eminence is the fondness which it generates for perpetual publicity. The almost preternatural trial of human fortitude is, to see faction with its vulgar and easy triumph ecizing the fame, which was once to be won only by the purest and rarest achievements of patriotism. When the banner which had flamed at the head arhievements of patriotism. When the banner which had flamed at the head of the nation on their march to Right, and which was consigned to the hand of Grattan as its legitimate bearer, was raised again, in a day threatening the subversion of every throne of Europe; he exhibited a palousy of his obscure competitors, unworthy of his renown. But he did not join in their procession. He was unstained. If he felt the avarice of amb tion, he exhibited no decay of that original dignity of nature, which, in his political nonage, had made him the leader of bearded men, and a model to the maturity of his country's virtue

On this night he spoke with remarkable power, but in a style wholly distinct from his former appeals to the passions of the House. His accents, usually sharp and high, were now lingering and low; his fiery phraseology was solemn and touching and even his gesture, habitually wild, distorted, and pantomimical, was subdued and simple. He seemed to labour under an avowed impression of the share which the declamatory zeal of his party had to lay to its charge in the national peril. But I never saw more expressive evidence of his genius, than on this night of universal consternation. His language, ominous and sorrowful, had the force of oracle, and was listened to like an oracle. No eye or ear strayed from him for a moment, while he wandered dejectedly among the leading events of the time, throwing a brief and gloomy light over each in passing, as if he carried a funeral lamp in his hand, and was straying among tombs. This was to me a wholly new aspect of his extraordinary faculties. I had regarded rapidity, brilliancy, and boldmess of thought as his inseparable attributes; but his speech was now a magnificent elegy. I had seen him, when he furnished my mind almost with the image of some of those men of might and mystery, sent to denounce the guilt, and heap coals of fire on the heads of nations. He now gave me the image of the prophet, lamenting over the desolation which he had once proclaimed, and deprecating less the crimes than the calamities of the land of his nativity. I never was more struck with the r chness and variety of his conceptions, but their sadness was subline. Again, I desire to guard against the supposition, that I implicitly did homage to either his talents or his political views. From the latter, I often and deeply dissented; in the former I could often perceive the infirmity that belongs even to the highest natural powers. He was no "faultless monster." I am content to recollect him as a first-rate human being. He had enester." I am content to recollect him as a first-rate human being. He had enomies, and may have them still. But all private feelings are hourly more and more extinguished in the bursts of praise, still ascending round the root where his dust is laid. Time does ultimate justice to all, and while it crombles down the fabricated fame, only cleats and separates the solid renown from the common level of things. The foibles of human character pass away. The fluctuations of the human features are forgotten in the fixed majesty of the statue; and the foes of the living man unite in carrying the memorial of the mighty dead to its place in that temple where received some to refeat its solid. dead to its place in that temple, where posterity comes to refresh its spirit, and elevate its nature, with the worship of genius and virtue.

A LECTURE BY MR. FARADAY AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Although the dweller in the monster city—smoky foggy London—labours under many disadvantages as to sources of recreation, when compared with the pure open air enjoyments of the inhabitant of the country, he yet possesses many advantages to which the provincial is a stranger; and these are found in the numerous scientific institutions which London, notwithstanding her noise. bustle, and mercantile abstraction, encourages and supports. One of the first, if not the most important, is the Royal Institution of Great Britain in Albemarle Street, founded in the year 1800, for diffusing the knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and for teaching, by courses of philosophical lectures and eximprovements, and for teaching, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the common purposes of life.' How far this promise of the prospectus has been carried out, may be judged of by the eminent support which the institution receives, and by the numerous audiences which crowd the theatre at the weekly lectures; the privilege of hearing which, with the other advantages presented by the establishment, being secured by an annual subscription of two guiness. A reference to some of the names connected with the history of the institution will be sufficient to show the high character of the advantages offered by it. We find at the earlier period those of Count Rumford, Sir Joseph Banks, the Duke of Bridgewater, and Sir Humphry Davy, followed by the present professors Brande and Faraday, who ably sustain the distinction earned by their predecessors. The latter, as is well known, originally a bookbinder, was appointed as one of Davy's assistants in the laboratory of the institution and now, by the force of genius, the servant succeeds the master, and ranks among the first of modern genius, the servant succeeds the master, and ranks among the first of modern

A few weeks since, the writer of the present article had the pleasure of hearing him deliver a highly interesting lecture on the Liquefaction and Solidification of Substances usually considered Gaseous, a subject which, for a long period, has occupied the attention of scientific men, who have considered that period, has occupied the attention of scientific men, who have considered that the origin or basis of gases, the lightest known substances, would be found in solid matter, although, with few exceptions, the attempts made to solidify them have proved unsuccessful. Mr. Faraday commenced his lecture by stating that he had been constantly engaged in researches on the subject for six months; and traced briefly the history of the labours of other philosophers.

Colladon for their researches. Subsequent to these were the experiments of M. Aimé, who caused the gases to be sunk to a great depth in the sea, thinking to soldify them by the enormous pressure. But as it was impossible to see the gases while in this state of compression, and as they were exposed only to ordinary temperatures, the results could be of no value or authority. M. Cagniard-Latour, in his experiments upon ether, discovered that, at a certain temperature, liquids are transformed into vapour without any diminution of volume; and Thilorier found that a very low temperature could be obtained by employing a bath of carbonic acid combined with ether; but an unfortunate explosion, by which several persons were killed, interrupted his researches; he, however, employed his bath only in the ordinary temperature, while Mr. Faraday, as will be seen, used it in vacuo.

The lecturer then went on to observe, that he had investigated the subject various gases, and their tension under certain degrees of temperature. The

in a strictly philosophical point of view, aiming at certain effects by philosophical induction and research, of which as a striking example, he adduced the safety-lamp of his predecessor Davy. He then read an extract from a letter written by Professor Liebig, in which that celebrated philosopher observed, that Germany and England pursued opposite courses with regard to science; in the latter, the practical was too much thought of, while, in the former, the theoretical and philosophical were alone considered as worthy attention; but that, in his opinion, the golden mean would be the wiser course for both countries. Mr. Faraday next observed, that the failure of the experiments of so many eminent chemists in the solidification of gases, arose from the attempts having been made under ordinary temperatures; but if the point of liquefaction be, as it appears to be, in the lowest degree possible with the lightest and most volatile bodies existing as gases, there would be scarcely any hope of liquefying such substances as hydrogen, oxygen, or azote at any pressure while in an ordinary temperature, or even of a temperature very much below the ordinary. These observations furnish the key to the whole of the lecturer's method of operating. He brought forward a cylindrical vessel of iron, about two feet in length and a few inches in diameter, fitted with a moveable tube, and a stop cock at the upper end; in this carbonic acid gas was condensed in the form of water. On turning the cock, this liquid rushed out with so great a velocity through the tube into a close round box, that farther condensation was produced; and, on opening the box, the gas appeared in the beautiful form of snow. This was taken out, and the box refilled, until a sufficient quantity was obtained, when the whole was deposited in a glass jar, and preserved from evaporation by being placed within other jars, protected by numerous folds of flannel. From this store of freezing power several lumps were taken and placed in a shallow saucer, for the purpose o in a strictly philosophical point of view, aiming at certain effects by philosophical induction and research, of which as a striking example, he adduced the safety-lamp of his predecessor Davy. He then read an extract from a letter written after which it would be dangerous to touch them with the inger, as vitality would be as certainly destroyed as by the most intense heat. A small quantity of mercury was then poured into the bath, where it became immediately frozen, and was lifted out, hanging to a wire in a perfect solid state. This low degree of cold was, however, not yet low enough to produce the solidification of the gases, cold was, however, not yet low enough to produce the solidification of the gases, and the lecturer explained his further process by a very simple illustration; he took a kettle of water, which was brought in boiling at the commencement of the lecture, but which, for half an hour, had been standing on the floor, and poured a small quantity into a flask, when, on being placed under the exhausted receiver of the air-pump, it boiled violently, proving that the diminution of the pressure had the effect of extracting the heat from the water; a fact which was confirmed by pouring a few drops of the contents of the flask and of the kettle respectively over a piece of phosphorus; with the former, this inflammable substance was not affected, but the heat yet remaining in the latter set it immediately on fire. The same process was gone through with the carbonic acid bath. On being placed under the receiver, and the air exhausted, the ebullition was as violent as with the warm water in the former experiment; the result was a degree of cold of which we can form but little conception, being result was a degree of cold of which we can form but little conception, being equivalent in some instances to a hundred degrees below zero. But cold itself ent in some instances to a hundred degrees below zero. equivalent in some instances to a hundred degrees below zero. But cold itself is not the only agent required; there must be prossure; and it became of importance to find a material which would show the results, and at the same time bear a pressure varying from twenty to two hundred atmospheres. Finit glass tubes were tried, but proved to be unfit for the purpose, as they flew into atoms under a comparatively slight degree of compression: tubes of green or bottle glass were then thought of, and found to answer admirably; and such was Mr. Faraday's satisfaction with the service he had obtained from them, that he dwelt at some length upon the qualities and proporties of various kinds of glass. Mr. Faraday's satisfaction with the service he had obtained from them, that he dwelt at some length upon the qualities and properties of various kinds of glass. He made use of these tabes fitted with s of-cocks, and in some cases connected with small tubes of copper in such a manner, that with two condensing pumps, the gas which was the subject of experiment could be forced into them, and compressed with the requisite power, and at the same time exposed to the intense cold obtained under the receiver, where the effects of the compression could be seen. The low temperature, and the pressure together, produce effects which remain undeveloped under a single influence. To these combined powers is Mr. Faraday indebted for the important results he has already obtained, as shown by the following specification:

Olefant case, when condensed, appears as a beautiful transparent, colourless:

"Rhyming to him was ne more difficile, is Mr. Faraday indebted for the important results he has already obtained, as shown by the following specification:—

Olefant gas, when condensed, appears as a beautiful transparent, colourless liquid; it is not solidified; and will dissolve oily, resinous, and bituminous bodies. Pure hydriodic acid may be obtained either in a solid or liquid state. When solid, it is very clear, colourless, and transparent, generally traversed by fissures through the whole mass, which bears great resemblance to common ice. Hydrobromic acid can also be obtained as a clear and transparent solid did, it is very clear, colourless hiquid. Fluosilicic acid has been condensed to the liquid state; but in this experiment it was found necessary to perform the operation at the very lowest temperature: the result is extremely fluid, and as easily disturbed as warm ether. No positive effect has yet been witnessed with phosphoretted hydrogen and fluoboric acid judefies readily at a pressure of one atmosphere, but does not solidify; sulphurous acid, on the contrary, becomes immediately solid, as might be expected. Sulphuretted hydrogen as a white transparent, crystalline mass, resembling congealed nitrate of aumonia or camphor. Euchlorine shows itself as a reddish orange crystal, very friable, but presenting no indications of explosive power. The protoxide of azote tab deen made the subject of experiment in France by M. Natterer, who obtained it in the liquid state. It now solidified in the cold bath but exaporated rapidly, producing so low a degree of cold, that on placing the vasper cold, the latter in which mercury froze instantaneously, operated as a heated liquid, and caused the protoxide of azote to boil violently; in the solid state, it is crystalline and colourless. Cyanogen and ammonia pass into the solid state: the latter, when pure and dry, forms a result of solid state: the latter, when pure and dry, forms a result of solid state is the latter, when pure and dry, forms a result of solid state

various gases, and their tension under certain degrees of temperature. The gas piepared for the evening's experiment was olefant, contained in a glass vessel connected by a tube with a condensing pump of one inch bore; this, in turn, communicated with a smaller pump of half an inch bore, from which the gas was driven along a metallic tube to the glass tube in the receiver of the air pump, where, after a few strokes of the pumps, it was distinctly visible, compressed in the form of liquid. The lecturer concluded, amid well-earned plaudits, by observing that he had hoped to make oxygen the subject of the experiment, but from some as yet undetected cause, it had baffled his attempts experiment, but from some as yet undetected cause, it had baffled his attempts at solidification; possibly some oversight in the manipulation. He had, however, great reason to believe, from certain indications which he had met with, that his efforts would be eventually successful in solidifying not only oxygen, but azote and hydrogen. He is inclined to believe, with M. Dumas of Paris, that the latter will show itself in a metallic form. Time and experience will determine whether these views are correct—whether the lightest and most volatile of all known bodies be in its origin akin to the most dense and heavy.

Not the least charm of Mr. Faraday's lectures is his agreeable manner and ready and easy utterance. He is a perfect master of his subject, and seizes on illustrative examples with happy facility; and as his experiments always succeed, his audience is not wearied with idle delays. In listening to him, the writer recognised the truth, that the best lecturers are always the simplest; they make display of truth or materious phraseology but appeal directly to the reason. splay of turgid or mysterious phraseology, but appeal directly to the reason

and common sense of their hearers.

A LITERARY BREAKFAST AT SAMUEL ROGERS'S.

Hook was at that time beginning to "break." as it is called. His hair had in a great measure fallen off from his temples, and the short curly locks were thickly streaked with grey—but the brilliancy of his eye was undimmed, and scarcely any of its fire was quenched. Ho was not, however, so elastic in his movements as he had been, even about a twelvementh before, when I had met him at one of the Literary Fund dinners. At this time, he was editing the "John Bull" newspaper, and employed, too, in occasionally contributing to some of the magazines. The work of the newspaper was by no means heavy, but his time was so taken up in visiting his noble friends and admirers, that he too often neglected the necessary work of the journal, until the latter can be the week, when he was compelled to write with railroad speed, and often carelessly, to the great peni of his brilliant reputation. It was no uncommon thing, at this time, for Hook to leave a pleasant party at the house of one of his patrons, far in the co-ntry, on Friday evening, post rapidly some score of miles to London, write off his articles in the John Bull office, during the night, and return to the house of his host by breakfast time the next morning. to London, write off his articles in the John Bull office, during the night, and return to the house of his host by breakfast time the next morning. During all this period of hard work, for his necessities compelled his pen to be incessantly going he appeared the same light hearted, dashing, care-for-naught, reckless man of the world as ever. Scarcely a day passed without his appearing in some party, as its most attractive star, and certain circles were deemed incomplete, unless they were graced by his fascinating presence. Perhaps there never existed a more general favorite in a certain class of society, than Theodore Hook. He was always delightful and never coarse. His wit played around and lighted up every subject which engaged his attention, and so varied were his acquirements, that he seemed the very Admirable Crichton of his day.

Mr. D'Israeli, in his last and most profound novel, "Coningsby," has admirably hit off the character of Hook, under the assumed name of Lucian Gay, and to that work I would refer the reader, who may be anxious to learn more

initiably hit off the character of Hook, under the assumed name of Lucian Gay, and to that work I would refer the reader, who may be anxious to learn more of the author of "Sayings and Doings." Poor Hook! Not many years after the time to which I am now more especially referring, whilst the world was yet ringing with his praises, he lay hopelessly on a sick bed, with poverty staring him in the face. To the last degree careless about money matters, he had made no provision for the evil day, and as is generally the case, his butterfly friends, who had enjoyed his society whilst he was worth having, left the dying wit to pass alone through the weary hours of sickness.

A great deal has been said about Hook's power of extemporaneous songmaking. It was indeed powerful—

making. It was indeed powerful—

"Rhyming to him was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'twas to whistle."

than brilliant. It is evident that he takes great pairs with his hair, which is of jet black, and falls in little ringlets, not altogether natural. I guess, down his neck. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so, as to appear somewhat foppish—and he sported an abundance of trinkets. Ainsworth's manners were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook Ainsworth's

which were by no means easy, and formed quite a contrast to those of Hook which were marked with peculiar grace.

Who has not heard of George Cruikshank! The humorous, ever toiling, indefatigable George! Some years since, a sketch of this inimitable caricaturist appeared in Fraser's Magazine, where he was represented seated on a carb and established. turist appeared in Fraser's Magazine, where he was represented seated on a cask, and sketching on a piece of paper, placed on the crown of his hat. It was much like him, but as many of my readers may neither have seen that drawing nor the original, I will try to describe him, as he appeared that morning at Rogers's.

Cruikshank is tall, and rather lanky in person—his head is well shaped, and

his face very expressive—but pale and thin. His grey eyes are piercing and ever moving, or when they do not rest on any object seem at once to look through it. He has lightish colored hair, which he wears carefully combed back, so as to leave his right temple, which is high and well developed, exposed, and also enormous whiskers. He sports mustachios of a very peculiar cut, which gives to his visage a half martial appearance. At first sight, most persons would take him for a foreigner.

Many might suppose that he whose comic sketches has so often moved their

Many might suppose that he, whose comic sketches has so often moved their ri-ible muscles, has something of the humorous in his physiognomical aspect Such is not the case—he looks more like a Cynic than a comic illustrator There is a sort of severe expression in his countenance, which at times is alforbidding

I did not get any opportunity of being near him, so that I could not lister versation; but I have heard that he is usually taciturn, and almost I was told that he is seldom to be seen in society—and when we morese I was told that he is seldom to be seen in society—and which he consider the vast amount of work which he gets through, this may easily be credited. For years past he has illustrated the best comic works which have appeared; and not only has he surpassed all others in his own peculiar line, but he has shown that in serious, and even tragic subjects, he is a master of his but he has shown that in serious, and even tragic subjects, he is a master of his e has shown that in serious, and even tragic subjects, he is a master of his In proof of this, I need only refer the reader to some of his illustrations in Oliver Twist, especially that striking one of Fagin, in the condemned

Willst I was looking at Cruiksbank, a gentleman of sombre look entered proom. He was clad in a suit of plain black, and in his deportment seemed fident, even to shyness. There was but little about him to fix attention, the room. He was clad in a sun or put diffident, even to shyness. There was but little about man. It is eyes were really save an expression of great kindness about his mouth. His eyes were really dull-looking, and his forehead, which was thinly covered with light hair, was by no means of an intellectual cast. Nevertheless, there was a certain some-

to know who he was.

Coleridge, by this time, was deep in talk with Mr. Sharon Turner, a feeble-looking, elderly gentleman, who is well known to every true lover of solid literature, as the "Middle Ages" author; and I did not venture to disturb him, for the purpose of enquiring who the new comer was—but observing Leigh Hunt leaning with his elbow on the marble mantle-piece, and having, before that morning, had the pleasure of an introduction to him, I crossed the room, and learned from him that the gentleman who had so excited my curiosity was Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor—better known by his assumed name of Barry Cornwall, the author of, amongst many other productions, "The Sea."

Mr. Proctor, it may not be generally known, on this side of the water, is a

Mr. Proctor, it may not be generally known, on this side of the water, is a ember of the legal profession, and occupies chambers in one of the inns of court, where he practices in the unpoetical vocation of a conveyancer. Hunt kindly introduced me to him—and I was as much charmed with his urbanity and affability as I had previously been with his poetry. He told me that he was a "stay at-home man," and asked me to call on him at his chambers—an invitation which I accepted before I left London, and to which I may hereaf-

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd sat near me, and as I had met him frequently, whilst on the Oxford Circuit, we were soon chatting familiarly together. The author of "Ion" is one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and never did any literary man enjoy, in a fuller degree, the esteem and admiration of his brother laborers, in the same field. His face is not handsome, but it is indicative of great sweetness of disposition. His dark eyes glow with sensibility, and were not the lower portion of his face rather too full; its expression would be what is termed "sweet." Talfourd is a most industrious man, and I remarked to him, that I wondered how he could get through so much legal business, and yet have time to woo the Muse. He replied, that he had need work hard, as he had the mouths of thirteen children to feed. As an advocate, Mr. Talfourd stands very high, and he is a general favorite with the Bar. His elequence is rather of a persuasive character, and he elicits truth none the less effectually for using gentle means. It is really astonishing, that he can, as he does, divest his mind of all the technicalities of law, and produce poetry of such beauty—butso it is. I remember being told by a tradesman of Monmouth, in whose house Mr. Talfourd used to lodge, when on the Oxford Circuit, that he would often listen for hours at Mr. T's door, after Court hours, to hear him as he walked up and down the room, recite poetry—it being Mr. Talfourd's habit to compose aloud, as he paces the room. The listener, (a tailor,) with it was beautiful to hear him and a compose aloud, as he paces the room. The listener, (a tailor,) with it was beautiful to hear him and an enthusiastic tone, assured me "it was beautiful to hear him and an enthusiastic tone, assured me "it was beautiful to hear him and an enthusiastic tone, assured me "it was beautiful to hear him and an enthusiastic tone, assured me "it was beautiful to hear him." Mr. Sergeant Talfourd sat near me, and as I had met him frequen

was when surrounded by choice spirits, and he had for a time flung care to the winds, that his powers of enchaining all within the sound of his voice were most potent.

Amongst the guests was a gentleman who has created a new school of literature, by making the Newgate Calendar his text book; for Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth seems to have taken especial delight in dishing up for his readers chronicles of crime, and records of rascality

Ainsworth and George Cruikshank, appropriately enough, entered the apartment together. I say appropriately enough, because they were so intimately connected with each other, as Author and Artist, that they had, to the public eye, been for some time Stamesed. Ainsworth looked much like the portrait of him, prefixed to one of his recent volumes. He is strikingly handsome—his profile is well cut, and his upper lip has much of that regular curve, which we see in some of the Byron portraits. His eye is very dark, and piercing rather than brilliant. It is evident that he takes great pains with his hair, which is of jet black, and falls in little ringlets, not altogether natural, I guess, down his local. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so, as to appear before. His dress was in the very height of fashion—so much so, as to appear before. He, therefore, commissioned Turner, Corbould, Cresvick, Stothard, and others, to make a series of designs for the work. These celebrated painters sent in each a number of water color drawings, of the choicest kind; but so particular was Mr. Rogers, that, from twenty or thirty, by so artist, he would select, perhaps, but one, although he paid liberally for the whole. And even after he had expended a large sum on the engraving of the chosen drawing, he would frequently alter his mind—cancel the plate, and have fresh designs made, until his taste or fancy was gratified. Money, to a man who could hang up a million of money in his library, was, of course, no object—and he had determined that his verses should go down to posterity.

The fastid be,) about ten thousand pounds! and it will always remain as a memento of his wealth, genius, and taste.

Perhaps the most distinguished painter present was the late Sir David Wilkie. Wilkie was rather tall in stature, and his face indicated his Caledonian origin. There was a sedateness, withall, in his light grey eye—nothing brilliant, indeed—on the contrary, he would scarcely have attracted attention, had he not been so widely known and appreciated as the painter of the Blind Fidler. His dress was remarkably unpretending in its style, and he looked more like a stantial tradesman than a man of fine and original genius. He was very s He was very silent.

and, in this respect, the opposite of Chantrey, who sat near him, chatting familiarly with each and every one who came in his way.

Nor did Chantrey look the great man he assuredly was. His habits of high living had made his frame gross and corpulent. His cheeks were puffed out, and it required some stretch of the imagination to feel that the rather thick and clumsy hands which I saw, were those which had modelled the exquisite statues of the Sleeping Children, Litchfield Cathedral, or the wonderful brace of Birds which are, and will be, whilst genius shall be revered, such ornithologi-cal stony triumphs, at the late Earl of Leicester's seat, at Holkham.

cal stony triumphs, at the late Earl of Leicester's seat, at Holkham.

Had Sir Francis been less of a gourmand, he might now have been alive; but, unfortunately, his epicurism brought on a diseased habit of body, and rendered it unable to withstand the shocks which incessant application rendered it subject to. He died not long afterward, in his chair, whilst seated at dinner, and partaking of one of his favorite dishes.

Honest Allan Cunningham accompanied Chantrey. Every one knows that "Honest Allan," as Sir Walter Scott called him, was Chantrey's assistant. Cunnigham was a tall, stout Scot, and looked more like a bluff farmer, fresh from the Grampians, than a poet. I never saw a man so devoid of affectation, as he. When I was presented to him, for the first time, in Chantrey's studio, he gripped my hand in his monstrous bony fist, and squeezed it till I thought it he gripped my hand in his monstrous bony fist, and squeezed it till I thought it had got into a vice; but it was a grasp of the right earnest sort. Chantrey was frequently more indebted to Cunningham for advice, with respect to his statues, than is generally known, and the great sculptor freely acknowledged this—but Allan, with a fine generosity, never would admit it. Poor Cunningham! he did not long survive his friend and patron—both are now subjects for "monumental marble" themselves.

"Who is that year themselves.

Who is that very thoughtful looking personage, taking with Talfourd !" I

asked of Thomas Miller.

"That," he replied, "is Samuel Warren, the author of the celebrated ' Diary

of a late Physician,' which appeared in Blackwood some time since."

Mr. Warren was anything but brilliant looking; indeed, he had that sort of face which may be called "heavy." Still it was of a very thoughtful cast, and Still it was of a very thoughtful cast, and

face which may be called "heavy." Still it was of a very thoughtful cast, and the high and broad forehead indicated powers of a very superior order. He seemed to be remarkably shy and retiring, and I noticed that during the whole morning, he seldom exchanged a word with any one but the author of Ion.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Warren is a son of Doctor Warren, a Wesleyan Minister of Manchester—he is by profession a barrister, and travels on the Northern Circuit. His profession furnishes him with abundance of material, and a late tale of surpassing interest, in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "We are all low people there—A Tale of the Assizes," from his pen, is a proof of his tact in seizing on every day topics, and converting them into subjects of deep interest. ects of deep interest.

Warren was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied Mr. Warron was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied in the hospitals—a circumstance which accounts for the intimate acquaintance with professional matters which is evinced in his Physician's Diary. It is a curious circumstance connected with these papers, that they were offered to, and successively rejected by, nearly all the leading English Magazines, and thrown aside by the author as useless. A friend of Warren's persuaded him to offer them to Professor Wilson, and he sent them anonymously. They were accepted, and at once became popular. But it was not until many papers of the series had been before the public, that the Editor knew his correspondent. He afterwards wrote "Caleb Stokely;" and rumor ascribes "Marston or the Memoirs of a Statesman," now publishing in "Old Ebony," to his pen, but I question much whether Warren is the author, and have good reasons for my doubts on the subject. doubts on the subject.

of time, I cannot call to mind half of the noticeable peo-At this distance ple who thronged Mr. Rogers's Saloons that morning; for after the business of tea and coffee sipping had been concluded, there was a continual in-coming and out going of persons, most of them "men of mark"

Hook, and a group of laughing companions, got together as usual in one of the ante-rooms, and the popping of champagne corks, mingling with short and merry laughter, proclaimed that he was in full fire. A champagne breakfast was much more to the taste of him and his circle, than that composed of less exciting fluids. I longed to be near them, to listen to some of the good things which doubtless were flying about, but Coleridge, who was somewhat feeble, was leaning on my arm, and I had no opportunity, (I am ashamed, almost, to say that I felt any inclination,) to quit him.

James Smith, with his frank, good-humored face, was a prominent attraction.

in whose house Mr. Talfourd used to lodge, when on the Oxford Circuit, that he would often listen for hours at Mr. T's door, after Court hours, to hear him as he walked up and down the room, recite poetry—it being Mr. Talfourd's habit to compose aloud, as he paces the room. The listener, (a tailor,) with quite an enthusiastic tone, assured me "it was beautiful to hear him."

Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley, the celebrated reviewer, made one of the party. He is about the middle age, with a countenance fully indicative of the great powers which are universally ascribed to him. I saw but little of him, for he joined a group who were turning over a portfolio of water color drawings, and he left immediately after breakfest unnoticed by me.

There was a good sprinkling of painters present, for Mr. Rogers is a munficent patron of the fine Arts. Unlike many who have wealth at their disposal, he, as may be readily supposed, possesses an exquisite taste—he is, indeed,

mon-place looking man, and would not seem to a casual observer to have an atom of poetry in his composition, and yet what magnificent designs he produces. His paintings are far inferior in effect to the engravings from the mome of them far superior to any public productions of his pencil. He is in the habit, I am told, of laying on his canvass masses of paint, of different colors, and then producing, from chance effects, some of his most wonderful pictures I know not how true this may be, but at all events it is not unlikely. It is a strange thing enough connected with his family history, that whilst he should delight in portraying magnificent edifices, his own brother should have nearly

strange thing enough connected with his family history, that whilst he should delight in portraying magnificent edifices, his own brother should have nearly destroyed one of our most splendid ecclesisatical edifices. York Minster; Jonathan Martin having, during a fit of insanity, set fire to that venerable pile and partially destroyed it some years since

Daniel Maclise, another Royal Academician, was a smart-looking fellow. He seemed quite young. His face was handsome, and his manners refined. He strolled about the room with Turner—a plain looking man—although the most poetical of our painters; perhaps I should say was the most poetical—for I regret to add, that, of late years, his imagination has run rict. His reconvenductions are many of them, positive absurdities—and would not be tolerat-

productions are, many of them, positive absurdation has run viot. His recent productions are, many of them, positive absurdaties—and would not be tolerated, if they were the work of any other hand.

Amongst the literati present, I must not omit to mention one, whose works are so extensively read in this country—and who certainly is one of the most, if not the most, prolific writer of the age. I allude to Mr. James.

His personal appearance is by no means striking—rather beneath the middle size. His frame is far from graceful—but the expression of his countenance is calm and prepossessing. I should think him a very amiable man—industrious he certainly is. How he can possibly turn out novels at the rate he does is a mystery—and, in the end, he must inevitably suffer by it—for his genius is not of so high an order, as to endure such repeated draughts on it. In so ciety, he is generally reserved and sedate—but, I was told, he seldom leaves his study. In private life, no man is more respected. I had a brief conversation with him, in the course of which he informed me that he frequently dictated two novels at once, to two amanueness. I question whether such a course tated two novels at once, to two amanuenses. I question whether such a course

tated two novels at once, to two amanueness. I question whether such a course is likely to benefit him, in the long run.

The party began to break up about 12 o'clock—somewhat later, I was informed, than usual. Mr. Rogers invited several, Coleridge amongst the rest, to return to a late dinner;—but the "Ancient Mariner" declined, somewhat to my mortification—for I should like to have accompanied him, and witnessed a literary evening in that splendid mansion. But it was not to be, and so we departed—Coleridge seeming gratified with the many attentions which had been shown, and myself delighted at having had the opportunity of meeting many of whom I had proviously heard so much. Long, very long, will the events of that morning, ephemeral though they were, be classed amongst my Pleasures of Memory."

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

some people. What do you say? Why wasn't it born with me? Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a represent to you for the world. People can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have I wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! You never tasted it? No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home: father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. You dare say not? No; it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer? And then you might always have your own nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle: and what good it would do you! For you're not strong Caudle.

some ale, Caudle: and what good it would us you. I so you caudle.

"And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you hav'nt always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit and puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogsin-a-blanket she'd make for the children! What's dogs in a blanket? Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! What's dogs in a blanket? Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

'Now, you have tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I never can have it made to please you! Now, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

"Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why it's as crisp as biscuit? And then her walnuts—and her all-sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now if dear mother was here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother, in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

treasure

"And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now with mother at hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the And the darning

"And then when you're out late, Caudle—for I know you must be out late, sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the late, sometimes; I so much. soul half

uear soul half so much.

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep, darling don't you think she'd better come? You say No? You say No again? You won't have her, you say; You won't that's flat? Caudle—Cau-Cau-dle—Cau—dle—"

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his MS., "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.
MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.
MRS. CAUDLE SCORES THAT HER DEAR MONTHER SHOULD. "COME AND
"Is your cold better to-night, Caudle, you and the series of the second of yournest, Caudle, you don't. And you don't. And you don't, can't you don't take care easily of yournest, Caudle, you don't. And you cought, it means it is not happen to you have you're not.
"Want'd ear mother so happy with us, to-night? Now, you needly, to be the come of yourness, the so happy? You don't know you're not was a happen to happy with us, to-night? Now, you needly to be copy, so auddenly. I say, want is how happy the sound to have a series of yourness, the so happy? You don't know to be the come of yourness, the sound of the sound

in the key hole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I

whose wind from a sparrow!

"Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person—quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike—I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and

should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and—
"What! You'll have a key? Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle. I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch for you or the best man breathing. You won't have a latch—you'll have a Chubb's lock? Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do say? You'll have the lock put on to-morrow? Well, try it; that's all I say, Caudle, try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all say I is,—

"A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him,

—a street door key! That tells a tale I think. A nice thing for a father
of a family! A key! What, to let yourself in and out when you please!

To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent me from sitting up,—if I choose to sit up what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but you've no reason to

complain,—goodness knows!
"Well, upon my word, I'v.
door key about with you! I'v. complain,—goodness knows!

"Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with young good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about Chubb, it's all the same—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very-well for you to say, that you only want the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you, if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle; if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman; as I'm your married wife, I will?

and—and—and——"
"I did get to sleep at last," says Caudle, "amidst the falling sentences of 'take children into a lodging'—'seperate maintenance'—'won't be made a slave of '—and so forth."

LITERARY RETROSPECT OF THE DEPARTED GREAT.—BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

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GREAT.—BY A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Who remembers those few seasons in which the "Earl of Grosvenor," as he then was, sllowed the public, with a certain restraint of tickets, a certain degree of wholesome difficulty (without which nothing will pass for real coin in London), to see his gallery? Yes; and you were allowed to loiter there as long as you pleased, within reason; a powdered footman handed you a card, which served as a catalogue, and you threw yourself into a luxurious, pillowy chair, and gazed, if you wished it, upon the gigantic women with large arms and enormous shoulders, of which, by Reubens, there are some magnificent specimens in the Grosvenor Gallery.

It was a compound sort of pleasure that one felt in walking through these rooms, especially, as it was my lot to do, singly, and without the drawback of an admiring cousin, who might have insisted upon being in raptures, to trouble one's reveries with a little leaven of the common place. You felt more aristocratic than you had any right to do in that lofty hall,—nay, the very entrance within the court-yard, prefaced then by a heavy wall, lifted you up above your former self. The very notion of a court-yard in London inspires a sensation of nobility, above, about, around you. How it may have acted upon weak human nature in those days when most of the nobility had detached residences, walled in, and guarded by a porter's lodge, I know not. I can only answer for myself, in, and guarded by a porter's lodge, I know not. I can only answer for myself, that I trod respectfully over the flag stones of the Earl of Grosvenor's court-yard; felt myself ennobled by the air of nobleness around me; found myself a greater man than I had been when in the street; rejoiced that my dirty hackney-coach had driven off; and was charmed into a great notion of self-consequence by the quiet respect of some half-dozen of very handsome lac-queys, one of whom humbly solicited that I would leave my umbrella in the hall.

The rooms were full of youth, beauty, fashion, and noise. Those were the days when the women wore bright light colours, and gay and flowery they looked in a large assemblage of morning dresses. I hardly think we have gained in general effect by so much black as is assumed in the present time But, perhaps, to the middle-aged the world naturally assumes a more dingy hue than it did twenty years ago;—a proof of coming age, and I hasten to discard it from remembrance.

Behind a forest of ringlets, and acting as a dark background to a bright object in a picture, stood a group of three gentlemen; one young, one of rather more than middle age, one decidedly old. They were in low, and, on the part of two of the group, earnest conversation; they stood before one of those cabinet pictures,—I now forget the master,—of which it requires to be an artist to comprehend the incomparable merits. The old man's manner was quick and to comprehend the incomparable merits. The old man's manner was quick and argumentative; his dark eye was lively to a degree; he seemed to be a favorite of the other two, for they both referred to him incessantly,—nay, to be a favorite with every one, for, as many a fair one passed to and fro, a white hand, ungloved for the heat, would be extended, and a soft lingering smile accorded to the old man, who returned it graciously, but without empressement. I was struck with his countenance, it had so much the expression of genius, so much more than his works. I could have sworn he was a poet, but that some phrases, the terms of art, met my ear; and at last, the salutation, "How are you, Northcote?" gave me the desired information. "Stroly," I reasoned with myself, "he has mistaken his vocation; with that eye of fire, he never should have been the painter of so many tame, lifeless pictures." But my curiosity then turned upon this—who were his two companions?

The tall and elegant man who stood beside him, had as little the appearance of a artist as ever man had; neither do I think, except when his fine face was in the repose of reflection, that it gave, in any great degree, the impression of intellect. His physiognomy was mild, varying, and gentleman-like. Every line, every gesture, every glance of that countenance seemed to denote the man of high-breeding, and of a polish, as much the elegance of thought, as of good

company. Yet; he was the son of an innkeeper in a country town. Fortune, when she made him a "Sir Thomas," seemed only as if she were restoring him to his birthright. I saw, then, before me, disappointing all my true English notions of "blood," and my habitual belief in the power of tracing descent from countenances, the courtly, fascinating painter of the Duchess of Richmond, from countenances, the courtly, fascinating painter of the Duchess of Richmond, a picture worthy of the loveliness which must have inspired the pencil with no common skill; I beheld him on whose palette the colours of the "Little Red Riding Hood" were then fresh,—the future historiographer (forgive the pompous word) of the Allied Sovereigns. Ah! he looked much more like the companion of George the Fourth than a mere artist. He looked more like the star of the west than the plodding artist. And yet, though it seems idle to say it, there was no difficulty in reconciling Sir Thomas Lawrence to his works. One naturally strives to do so, in all cases. One strives to see in James, the lofty annalist of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in Marryat, the humorist who could create the Jacob Faithful and the Peter Simple. One strove, and not could create the Jacob Faithful and the Peter Simple. One strove, and not unsuccessfully, to find in the rapt countenance of Mrs. Hemans, the spirit which breathes itself in the "Records of Woman." But never was such a But never was such a research more completely repaid than when it went to compare Sir Thomas research more completely repaid than when it went to compare Sir Thomas Lawrence with his productions. For his genius was not of the bold, romantic, and daring nature; it had more delicacy than vigour, more sentiment than romance. He was the Carew of painters, susceptible to all that was lovely and graceful, and quickly uniting the intellectual with the physical charms. And, as I ture over the pages of the now slighted poet, (the gentleman of the bedchamber of Charles the First,) I find my comparison—hazarded at, at first, I own,—holds better than I thought; for the poet was a degree too susceptible—so was the paging; the noet drew his living and exquisite nictures from the own,—holds better than I thought; for the poet was a degree too susceptible—so was the painter; the poet drew his living and exquisite pictures from the highest classes only—so did the painter. The poet was a creature of drawing-rooms and courts, and would have perished in any other atmosphere—so, I guess, would have done the painter. Lawrence, like Carew, was fitted only to depict the loftier spheres, he could not have portrayed a vulgar woman. He could only "incarnadine the rosic checke" of that large class with whom he was so closely intermingled during the greater portion of his life. I have sometimes been surprised, on comparing the portraits of Lawrence, with those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to perceive, that while they both depicted the same class, they drew from a very different species of women. No doubt each artist conveyed an adequate idea of the aristocratic fair of their own times. Both were celebrated for being gifted with the perception of that which constituted the lady. How different, then, must these gentle dames of former days have been, to those of the more recent, yet still by-gone period of Lawrence's reputation!

The female portraits of Reynolds give us the true notion of good-breeding, modesty, high respectability, with the ease of rank. His ladies, be they in a morning costume, or in the full dress of the day, are modestly attired, and there is a general air of decorum and refinement which charms, as well as the exquisite features and rich tresses of the high-born beauties.

"I'll make your eyes like morning suns appeare,"

"I'll make your eyes like morning suns appeare, As mild and faire; Your brow as crystal, smooth, and cleare, And your dishevell'd hayre Shall flow like a calm region of the ayre."

Such is the impression which the pencil of Reynolds gives. He has bequeathed to us the memory of the graceful matron, and of the feminine young creature just emerging into maturity in the higher ranks; Lawrence has only left us the woman of fashion. With some exceptions, such as the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Peel, and I doubt not many others, although I have not them at present in remembrance, his ladies look a little like demireps, with their moderate quantity of apparel, and with that peculiar expression, half bold, half winning, which he has given now which he perhaus could not half giving their moderate quantity of apparel, and with that peculiar expression, half bold, half winning, which he has given—or which he, perhaps, could not help giving—to his female portraits. They are exquisite, certainly—and, I know I am writing treason as I scribble on, and that were I to dare to read this at my fireside a torrent of censure would overpower me; and I know that Lawrence is thought, par excellence, to have been the painter of the lady—and so he was—but not of the lady as she was in the days of Reynolds. Let me make one more exception—that portrait of the Princess Charlotte, painted six months before her death. It is now at Claremont. It hangs, if I forget not—(I visited Claremont during the first burst of that universal lament which rang throughout England; which clothed our very churches in black, and called forth, on the Claremont during the first burst of that universal lament which rang throughout England; which clothed our very churches in black, and called forth, on the night when the cold remains of that lovely and royal creature were deposited in St. George's Chapel, whilst the old and feeble of her family looked on, responsive services, and tolling bells, and the funeral chant, in most of the parish churches in England was heard,—I then visited Claremont.) There I saw that exquisite effort of Lawrence's art. Ah! there was none of the demirep air there. The face is delicacy itself, and has, indeed, a look of ill-health, perhaps to be accounted for merely on the score of the young, ill-fated Princese's situation; perhaps, it might be an indication of a doom already sealed. A black mantle is held over the form, which seems enfeebled, and bears no longer the maiestic air of the usual portraits. No coronet of roses decks her brow; the majestic air of the usual portraits. No coronet of roses decks her brow; but her hair, in careless curls, falls upon the fair, and scarcely tinted cheek. The attributes of the Princess are lost in the lovelier, though homelier characteristics of the woman. With what mournful interest must her royal husband (once hers alone) look upon that, the last portrait of that matchless being, the noble offspring of the ignoble, when he visits Claremont. I have heard that he desires to be alone—and is sometimes long alone—in that chamber in which imagination can paint the agony,—the young mother's hope,—their blight,—the heroic submission,—the look of fond affection,—the first love of that warm heart,—the whispered tenderness on either side,—the hands clasped in each other; then, the chill,—the pain,—the ominous faintness,—the consternation around,—the suffering of a few short moments,—the farewell, looked not utlered,—the death.

circling in lighted drawing-rooms, never staying long anywhere, with that habit which London mea acquire of going from one house to the other, and, probably, enjoying nothing but the expectations with which they leave one party and go of to another; becoming incapable of rest, yet yearning for quiet, in which there could be interest,—requiring excitement as naturally as the glass of claret after dinner, yet becoming at last, unexcitable,—known to all, intimate with none,—and, perhaps, tempted to exclaim with Lord Dudley. There is not a house in London into which I can enter, without invitation, to ask for a cup of the armingling, every might, with scores, perhaps—hundreds of records well. none,—and, perhaps, tempted to exclaim with Lord Dudley "There is not a house in London into which I can enter, without invitation, to ask for a cup of tea." mingling, every night, with scores, perhaps—hundreds of people, yet living essentially alone. This, I will engage to say, was the case with Law rence, and is the case with many, especially of his class,—the highest order of artists and painters; for they have every inducement not to marry. Invited, petted, put on an equality (and actually entitled to more than equality) with the great and the fair, even middle life, in which they have alone the right to look for pernanent connections, seems coarse to a tasie which may be said to be more vitiated than refined when it loses the clear judgment of the different merits of different classes. But so it is,—and how difficult it must be to a man who is smiled upon by Ladies Blanche and Ladies Caroline, to come down to the nether sphere of some solicitor's fourth daughter, the three elder ones looking above him; or, how impossible for him, supposing he makes the descent, ever to bring her up again to the sphere which habit, perhaps, rather than choice, have made essential to his tastes.

I thought Lawrence a worldly man,—I have thought many men so: the his tory of Theodore Hook has taught me another lesson,—and a lesson it is What a picture it is, painted by no common hand, which that essay on the life of Theodore Hook in the Quarterly Review presents! I could not recover it for days; perhaps, it might speak home. Ah no! but it spoke home to many a prejudice and dislike; it told me how little we can judge of those around us,—how scantily we should lavish the words werldly and heartless, phrases, I observe, very often used by the heartless. How little would one have dreamt that feelings so intense, a remorse so poignant, and attachments without the sanction of principle, lay beneath those convival qualities which, like the gay white flower, the little anemone, which spreads its leaves on the bosom of the waters, cove

fered from wasted affections, or from that worst sense of desolateness which follows as through a crowd.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, although I met him butterfly like culling sweets everywhere, and although he seemed to belong to the world, was not, altogether, of this world. There was one from whom his best affections never swerved,—from whom the baubles of life could not withdraw him, and to whom his heart twined with an enduring, and lively affection. This was his sister, the wife of a clergyman in one of the midland counties, and to her, and to her family, the accomplished artist was ever the same.—a liberal 'ru-bearted patron; he was glad and kind when he could snatch himself from the scenes of pleasure to mingle in the circle of a country parsonage.

Such were my subsequent impressions of the man upon whom I looked ignorably, admiring the animation of that fair and fascinating face, but never dreaming that I was gazing upon the idol of the day. Presently, whilst his elder companion still talked, and the younger one addressed, falteringly, a few hurried sentences to him, Sir Thomas seemed to remember an engagement. He toughed the hand of Northcote, smiled kindly at the third person in the group, and hastened away.

It coughed the hand of Northcote, smiled kindly at the third person in the group, and hastened away.

I walked on likewise. The rooms were thinned, and there was only a little crowding before that wonderful cow of Paul Potter's,—a picture truly extra ordinary,—but I never could make out why it charmed so much, except that it depicted what everybody understood. When I returned towards the first part of the gallery, or rather, as they then were, suites of rooms, I saw the gentle man who had been talking to Northcote and Lawrence standing before a Dutch picture. I could only see the up-raised foot of one of the boors dancing, so closely was the unknown planted before it; and I should not have been struck with the appearance of the unknown had I not observed him with the two celebrated men whom I have mentioned. I looked at him on that account with brated men whom I have mentioned. I looked at him on that account with

with the appearance of the unknown had I not observed him with the two celebrated men whom I have mentioned. I looked at him on that account with me interest.

He was a tall, thin man, with square shoulders, and a bend, rather than a stoop in his figure, of about thirty three or more. His dress was extremely plain, of a serious, old fashioned cut, but it was very neat, very good; and in those respects he was contrasted with the careless air of Northcote, and the grace and beauishness of Lawrence. He looked highly respectable; but had I not seen him in such company, I could not have declared to what class he belonged. Most professions have some distinctive mark,—the clergyman his peculiar tie of cravat, his black coat,—the apothecary comehow always looks like an apothecary,—you may know a barrister by his air of assurance,—the dancing-master by his walk,—the musical artiste. I abhor the affectation of the name, is now proclaimed by his moustache,—but I defy you to discover the artist. Of course, however, the unknown was an artist; and, indeed, his fixed attention, his very "perusing," as it were, of each countenance in the picture would have revealed his love of art. Yet there was nothing inspired or inspiring in his countenance. In the first place, as to complexion, it was not sallow, it was not fair; but it was of one general pale hue, that seemed as if the blood had been all let out of his veins. I never saw that passionless countenance even flushed. His forehead was high, and almost white, and denoted great original delicacy of complexion; his hair was inclined to golden. I do not mean red; it was yellowisa in part, and darker at the roots. Long, and marked eyebrows, dashed too with the golden tinge, surmounted large, full, cold eyes, which looked as if they looked not, yet kindled when the speaker was warmed through—and that did not happen every duy—with a variety of expressions. The features were regular, but of no high cast; the face long, serious, and honest; yes, I never knew a being so without guile, a

with that habit and, probably, but the arm of the Virgin, which, he afterwards assured me, presented, in that Corregio of Lord Grosvenor, the finest specimen of colouring he had ever seen. He gazed for many moments, sighed, as if in deepnir, and returned to the Teniers. I lingered near him—I saw his eyes again riveted on the Festivities of the Dutch Boors, who seemed almost to move, and in whom there is an individuality of character which you never see repeated in that extraordinary master. I marked the reductant determination to tear himself away—the coat was the resolution—at last, he mut-

the Dotch Boors, who seemed almost to move, and in whom there is an individuality of character which you never see repeated in that extraordinary massor ter. I marked the reluctant determination to tear himself away—the coat was tered to himself, "Ah! there is nobody like Davie Teniers!" The words were spoken—a slight sigh was breathed—and he walked gravely away.

It was my happy chance afterwards to know Wilkie, the only one of that remarkable group with whom I became actually acquainted. Let me testify to his worth, his high principle his unalterable integrity, and singleness of heart; or, rather, let me not waste so much time, for no one ever seems to have doubted all these attributes. He was a true Scotchman: prudent, persevering, jealous of his reputation, yet incapable of endeavouring to enhance it by one unworthy method; he was conscious of his great powers, without, at that period of his ufe, one atom of vanity. I heard that, in after-days, he was "set op," as people say; but I cannot say I agreed with that opinion. As a young man, no ewas, I should say, the most modest of human beings, ready to listen to suggestions from any visitors to his painting room, lending a patient attention to that which must often have been wearisome, yet not courting remark, nor ever assenting to the justice of a criticism unless he really agreed with it. He was never, I believe, heard to depreciate others; indeed he seldom spoke of the works of contemporaries, in which he showed the delicacy of his taste, and the discretion of his cautious countrymen. To Sir Thomas Lawrence he beame as enthusiastically attached as it was possible to be; for the coldness of Wilkie lay upon the surface of his character. He ever spoke of Lawrence as his best and kindest friend, and on his works he was often heard to descant with the most lively admiration. Lawrence had lent some portion of his vast influence to accelerate the sure progress of Wilkie up the steep ascent to climb, not perhaps to fame, but to fortune. His gains were, at that time

guine of deriving much improvement from this process; "but still," he said, "I never shall attain the full effect of being out of doors, so wonderfully accomplished by some of the Dutch painters." I witnessed his patient, indefatigable efforts, and I could trace the effects of the experiment in several of his

teast popular pictores.

For Wilkie, I beli-ve every one will allow, committed a fatal error in departing from the study of simple nature, and of that descrip ion of life of which he had been an early observer from infancy. Like Sir Walter Scott, his mind had been insensibly imbued with the habits and characteristics of his country, had been insensibly and could not readily take up any other. Sir Walter's antiquarian tastes, indeed, enabled him to be almost as great upon English ground, in the olden times, as in Scotland, but he never could have written a modern English novel; and Wilkie, when he wandered in Spain and Italy, produced masterly sketches, and Wilkie, when he wandered in Spain and Italy, produced masterly sketches, and worked them into noble pictures; but he never excelled, nor even equiled the Wilkie of the Rent Day. I should say that he was the Dickens of Painters, save that his pictores are always devoid of caricuture, which is the besetting sin of Dickens, and which will, in spite of his transcendant powers, always render him inferior to Fielding; and, I dare to say it, to Goldsmith. Wilkie's arrly paintings combined truth, humour, pathos. Who can look upon the Rent Day, unmoved? Does it not speak volumes to the heart? Perhaps one may call Wilkie the Crabbe of Painters, but that Crabbe has a coarseness, a strength of passion in his portraitures, which Wilkie has not displayed.

of passion in his partraitures, which Wilkie has not displayed.

In conversation, Wilkie was wholly devoid of humour; he was elaborate in explanation, and slow in perceiving the meaning of others; but I speak of a period of his life when he had seen little—before he went abroad at all—when nis fame was high, but personally, he was little known, when he lived in his art, and for his art, and that in a small remote dwelling somewhere near Phillimore

wished for his art, and that he a small remote dwelling somewhere near Phillimore Place, Kensing tim.

When I first knew Wilkie, his home had recently been enlivened by the arrival of his venerable mother from Scotland. With the dutiful feeling of a true Scot, who, whatever he may do with respect to his other ties, has the filial affections strong within him, Wilkie, as soon as competence enabled him to offer his mother a home, wrote to her, to come and live with him.

""Daavie" (with the a long) "wished as much," said the old lady to me; "and I couldna say Nay." And never was painter more blessed in a picturesque mother. The widow of a Scotch minister, Mrs. Wilkie had all the characteristics of that respectable, humble station; the sedate, simple manner, the neat, mexpensive, becoming attire, the unpretending manners. Her face—I see it now—had a sagacity which showed that my belief in hereditary gifts had found another confirmation. It had the remains of comeliness; then her speech, that gentle sort of Scotch which falls not harshly upon the ear, but gives great piquancy even to the most ordinary remarks, completed the interest which this lively, and yet venerable old lady inspired. It was an experiment, bringing her from her quiet manse, in some secluded village, to the neighbourhood of London, and, what was more, to fresh habits, different hours, the predominance of a different faith around her; but I believe the excellent lady lived in comfort, and died—under her son's roof—in peace.

The his sister Wilkie was also devotedly attached; and when I talk of the

going,—laughing and chattering went on; there were other objects, one would suppose, equally attractive around, yet still was he set glued there: in that complete abstraction there was mind; and I judged that he must be an extra-ordinary man,—and he was an extraordinary man.

It was David Wilkie.

I gained that intelligence from a friend whom I met a few minutes afterwards, as I was going out; and I returned to look again at the celebrated, and, as it was going out; and I returned to look again at the celebrated, and, as it was said, self-taught painter of the Blind Fiddler. By this time, Mr. Wilkie had moved his position; his large grey eyes were fixed upon a Corregio; he

Bearing Cuckens

separately studied-I think I do right in applying the word-for the pic-

Apropos of that picture—let me mention a circumstance which shews at see the observation and memory of the painter, his reserve of character, and

Davie was at taking o' this puir bodie into the hoose, and gleing him a drap o' toddy; and I used to cry shame on the lad for encouraging such lazy vagabonds about the hoose. Weel," pursued the old lady, "but ye maun ken he was an ill favoured, daft sort of a creatur, that puir blind bodie, weel eno' in his way, but not the sort o' folk to be along wi' Davie; yet the lad was always a saying to me, 'Mither, gie's a bawbie for puir blind Willie.' This," she added with a sigh, "sir, was when we lived at the Manse."

I listened eagerly to the simple commencement of the anecdote. The homely

we sometimes thought it one disadvantage of his pictures, that his females I resembled each other. The fact is, he was often at a loss for subjects. Too all resembled each other. economical to have hired sitters, in general, he drew upon the willing kindness of young friends, in whose countenances he contrived to see beauty, where no one else saw more than comeliness.—[Remainder next week]

Imperial Parliament.

friendly to those ladies whom he esteemed. I do not believe he had an atom of poetry in his composition, nor one grain of imagmation. It was a labour to him to conceive a picture; yet he never painted until that conception was made out. I think he made ten sketches, at least, of the celebrated Waterloo picture; and we discussed them ail. Fine as the picture became, it seemed, at first, not to be in his way; he was intensely anxious about it; thought of it cessantly, and dreamed of it, I believe; and slowly, inch by inch, maured the design in his careful mind.

But to return to the sentimental question—why he never married? Men offer homes to their mothers and sisters, themselves being upwards of thirty, somehow rarely do. Is it that the strong fraternal feeling makes men fastdious or that they wait till the mother who has blessed the home of duty, is no more. Waiting for anything—even for one's dinner—mightly dimnins, the reliab for it when it comes. Well? I cannot explain it. At first, perhaps, a Scotchman's reason might—the want of means. At the very time that Wilking was painting the Chelsea Pensioners, he could not make more than £800 a year; he took, I think, eight months to t'at picture—the price paid for it we have a content of the content middle classes has caused a decrease in the number of "pensioners," (who pay.) which has not only curtailed the revenue of the College, but has created the necessity of a proportionate increase in the number of free scholarships; yet the supply of priests from the establishment, for the service of the Church, is so inadequate, that it is often necessary to call home students for the performance of clerical duties before they have completed the ordinary thrological course, which is already very short. This statement is signed by twenty-two Roman Catholic Prelates. "Now, I ask whether I am not right in stating to the House that you can take no convex which is not vergeable to establish the contraction." Apropos of that picture—let me mention a circumstance which shews at once the observation and memory of the painter, his reserve of character, and once the observation and memory of the painter, his reserve of character, and others are much more fond of talking of their sons' gifts and virtues than a violation of principle—in undertaking to instruct a priesthood from whose wives are of their husbands'. Old Mrs. Wilkie loved to be asked questions about "Davie." I inquired one day, whether he had early displayed much talent in drawing.

"Aweel," said she, "I mind that he was ae scrawling, and scratching, and scratching, and service is the of all the folk as came. And there was an auld blind mon, Willie, the fiddler, just an idle sort of a beggar-mon, that used to come wi'his noise, and set all the women servants a jugging wi'his scratching and scraping; and bavie was ae taking o' this puir bodie into the hoose, and giving him a drap o' of your Professors; the acts of Parliament shall continue; our implied sanction and we must decide, would it be a proper course to say to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, 'We are bound, it is true, by an inconvenient obligation, contracted by our accestors, and that obligation we will respect; in a surly spirit, we will continue to give you the 9,000l. a year; but there shall be no advance in the salaries of your Professors; the acts of Parliament shall continue; our implied sanction and encouragement, so far as statute-law is concerned, shall remain: tion and encouragement, so far as statute-law is concerned, shall remain; but we tell you we vote the 9 000%. feeling that our conscience is violated, and we give it you only because we have to fulfil a contract into which others entered, and from which we cannot escape?' I say any course is preferable to this." He came to the second alternative. " Shall we avow that our conscientious

I listened eagerly to the simple commencement of the anecdote. The homely manse,—the sheeless women-folk,—the blind intruder, welcome from charity but not too often,—and the young student of nature, delighting, almost unconsciously to himself, in the picture-que, were before me. The lively counten ance of the minister's widow glissened as she proceeded (She was unlike her son in face; the father must have owned those large, cold eyes)

"A-weel, sir, they told me—it was mony years after the puir blind body was gane hame, sir—that Davie had painted a grand pictur; and he wrote me to go to Edinburgh to see it; and I went, and sure eno' there was puir Old Wille, the very like o' him, his fiddle and a'. I was wud wi surprise: and there was Davie standing a laughing at me, and saying, 'Mither, mony's the time that ye has heard that fiddle to the toon o' the Campbells are coming.'''

Wilkie never could paint ladies—scarcely women. He had no perceptions, I think, on the score of female beauty; he liked the sedate, long face, and I have sometimes thought it one disadvantage of his pictures, that his females in the connexion with the improvement of the score of female beauty; he liked the sedate, long face, and I have sometimes thought it one disadvantage of his pictures, that his females in the picture of the same that he connexion with the improvement of the connexion with Maynooth! that the vote shall, after some temporary arrangements, be discontinued he connexion with Maynooth! that the vote shall, after some temporary arrangements, be discontinued, in the maintenance of this system, that we will discontinue the connexion with Maynooth! that the vote shall, after some temporary arrangements, be discontinued, and the burden of his discontinued, connexion with Maynooth! that the vote shall, after some temporary arrangements, be discontinued, and the burden of his discontinued in the maintenance of this system, that we will discontinue the connexion with Maynooth! that the vote shall, after some temporary arrangements, Fitzwilliam, adjuring the Irish Parliament by their attachment to religion, learning, and civilization, recommended to their consideration the improvement of education. The intent of those general terms was pointed out by Mr. Grattan; who stated, that "on this subject [education] it is intended that a plan should be submitted for colleges for the education of the Catholic clergy, who are now excluded from the Continent." Earl Fitzwilliam's immediate successor as Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis Camden, laid the first stone of Maynooth College; and afterwards, at the close of the session of 1795, the Marquis thus addressed the Parliament—" My Lords and Gentlemen: His Majesty observe ENLARGEMENT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

House of Commons, April 3.

Sir ROBERT PEEL, in reference to the presentation of a great number of petitions against increased grant to the College, remarked, that he had given timely notice of his intention to consider the state of Maynooth in a friendly spirit; and therefore he was not unprepared for the demonstration of adverse feeling which had been made that day. He could not but foresee such opposition from many who entertain strong religious feelings and conscientious scruples. But Ministers had thought it their duty to take care that those difficulties should not be aggravated by a just allegation that they had concealed their intentions and taken the country by surprise. He had now to fulfil the pledge implied, by proposing an improvement in the system of Maynooth, and an increased grant. He should say nothing at present of one portion of the question, that during the present crisis you have not failed to cherish and maintain the various sources of your internal prosperity. You have also completed the intention so benevolently entertained of entirely relieving the poorer classes from the tax of hearth-money. A wise foundation that he report of the agreement of the first act relating to course of that year, 1795, the Irish Parliament passed the first act relating to course of that year, 1795, the Irish Parliament passed by the Irish Lords and Commons without a division, and without one dissentient voice. The Prelates of the Protestant Church were present in the House of Lords; the Parliament was exclusively except the second of the system of a Protestant character; and yet, in that period, at the instance of the Executive Government, that Parliament—without a division, without a division, withou the improvement of the system of scademical education in Ireland, which would be brought before the House at a future period; his observations now being strictly limited to the subject of Maynooth.

It appeared to Ministers, that there were three courses which they might pursue,—to continue the present system and grant without alteration; to discontinue the vote altogether, and repudiate all connexion with Maynooth; or liberally to adopt, improve, and extend the institution provided for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood. These several courses Sir Rebert successively discussed.

With respect to the first, the continuance of the present system unaltered, he declared on the part of Government, that of all courses it would be the most pregnant with mischief Government profess to make provision for a national system—for the education of those who are to give spiritual instruction and religious consolation to many millions of the people of Ireland: they just give neonable, by voting annually 9,000%. a year, to discourage and paralyze voluntary contributions for that purpose. It is a violation of principle to provide in principle now. It is not a mere annual grant. The grant is recognized by two acts of 1/2e Irish Legislature, and one passed by the United Parliament in 1808, providing for the "establishment" of the College; the Lord Chancellor of the continuance of the College; the Lord Chancellor of ire land to the providing for the "establishment" of the College; the Lord Chancellor of the continuance of the Exchengence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, they are guilty of that violation of principle now. It is not a mere annual grant. The grant is recognized by two acts of 1/2e Irish Legislature, and one passed by the United Parliament in 1808, providing for the "establishment" of the College; the Lord Chancellor of ireland: "Re-large and the highest judicial authorities are appointed visiters; Parliament has

Judge of all if I refused my assistance in order that you should enjoy the consolations of religion. I feel a conviction that I shall act more in accordance with the principles of the faith which I profess, by seeing that you have those consolations. I differ from you on religious doctrines; but still my wish is, that in the hour of need you should receive spiritual instruction and consolation from the hands of those from whom you can derive them. I will consent, therefore; and I will give you a piece of ground for a chapel; I will contribute towards its construction; nay, more, I will subscribe something for the maintenance of that minister who is to inculcate doctrines which you believe, but which I cannot agree to.' If I were in such a position, should I violate any precept of the holy religion which I profess were I to act in this liberal spirit!" Are the City Companies, who are most liberal to the communities on their estates, to be told that they cannot continue their aid to a religious profession from which they dissent, without violating their own religious principals. spirit?" Are the City Companies, who are most liberal to the communities of their estates, to be told that they cannot continue their aid to a religious profession from which they dissent, without violating their own religious principles. If such a vote is illegal, in what position, too, will Parliament stand when it comes to the vote for Presbyterians? In what position will it stand towards the Colonies—towards the Catholics of Malta, Gibraltar, Canada, Mauritius, and the West Indies? (A Member—"And the East Indies?") "In all these cases, we have found it impossible to act on the principle of disclaiming altogether connexion with and support of those from whose religious opinious we dissent. How shall we stand with regard to the Roman Catholics in Ireland? Shall we repeal the act which provides Roman Catholic chaplains for prisons? By a recent enactment you have enabled the Grand Jury to appoint a Roman Catholic chaplain. You have compelled the Grand Jury to make the appointment upon requisition made to them. You have appointed the Grand Jury to make provision for the services of that chaplain from the public pocket. You have authorized the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains for workhouses. Why authorize the violation of principle, if violation it be? Why, a noble and better feeling interposed, and relaxed the principle; and the feeling of the Government and of the country was, that there ought to be provided for dying men in their last moments, when they are about to be ushered into the presence of their Creator, perhaps guilty beings suffering for their crimes, that religious consolation they needed from the only spiritual guide they could receive it."

"There remains but one other course, and that is the course which we are

"There remains but one other course, and that is the course which we are prepared to take. (Cheers.) Prepared!—yes, I will avow it, that we are prepared in a liberal sense and confiding spirit, to improve that institution and to elevate the tone of education there. (Renewed cheers) Will you not take that course! I think you will agree with me that such is the course which the sentence of the sen take that course? I think you will agree with me that such is the course which shall be taken; that if we are seriously to consider this institution, we ought to consider it with a view to extensive improvement. By improvement I mean, improvement I mean only, not an interference with the course of education, poisoning all the good that you might derive from liberality. I mean, really that we should treat that institution in a generous spirit, in the hope that we shall be met in a spirit corresponding with ours, and that we shall reap the fruits of this improvement at that educational establishment. Indeed, I hope I may say that I am contident of the good feeling of the Roman Catholics on this point. I have taken that course which I think I ought to take, to effect and make that provision which should really be a sufficient supply for the wants of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, in respect to the education of its ministers. A mere addition of some 3,000% or 4,000% would really be worse than nothing. I exclude the idea of a small increase like that from my consideration altogether. If the religious objection to a grant is overcome, I cannot think that such would be the extent of the addition we would wish to make.

cannot think that such would be the extent of the addition we would wish to make.

He explained the proposal which, on the part of the Government he was instructed to make. The Trustees of Maynooth College can purchase land to the extent of 1,000l. a year; but they cannot receive it on any other terms than for the lives of the Trustees: he proposed to incorporate the Trustees, by the title of "the Trustees of Maynooth College," and to enable them to hold real property to the extent of 3,000l. per annum, should members of the Roman Catholic faith be desirous to contribute to the College so incorporated "The stipend of each individual professor does not now exceed 122l, per annum. Instead of defining exactly what shall be the amount paid to each Professor, we propose to allot to the Trustees of Maynooth a certain sum, which shall be placed at their discretion for the payment of salaries. That sum will admit of a payment of 600l. or 700l. per annum to the President of the College; of 260l. or 270l to the Professors of Theology; and of 220l or 230l. to the other Professors. We propose, therefore, that a sum not exceeding 6,000l. shall be allotted to the Trustees for making provision for the officers of the institution. There are at present about 430 students in the College, divided into three classes—the 20 Dunboyne students, the three se nior classes and the four junior classes. We propose to allot to each of the Dunboyne students the sum of 40l. per annum; we propose to make provision on the whole for 500 free students; that there shall be 250 students in the four junior classes, and 250 in the three senior classes, these being divinity students. We propose that for the maintenance of each student, to cover the expense of his commons, attendance, and other charges consequent upon scademical education, a sum shall be placed at the disposal of the Trustees, calcu-

collect, when it was formed the Roman Catholics were labouring under disabilities have been now entirely removed to originating this grant. Those disabilities have been now entirely removed to recovery any to them—"That favour which was granted to you under the Administration of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, must now be withheld from you on account of a consistation of Mr. Pitt, while a consistance in propagating another faith, what a lesson they would indicate. We should never be able to convince those from whom they were prevented from given they were prevented from given they believed to be more pure, they were prevented from given assistance in propagating another faith, what a lesson they would inculcate! Why, if we make that declaration, what a lesson they would inculcate! Why, if we make that declaration, what a lesson shall we inculcate upon the landlords of Ireland! Take the case of a Prote-tant landlord who has a large estate, from which he derives a large income, he being an absentee perhaps: that estate is cultivated by Roman Catholic labourers: shall be be taught by the example of this House to say, it is inconsistent with his religious exceptes that he should provide for the religious instruction of those who are so connected with him in the relationship of landlord and tenant! Such aman, his tenantry being all Roman Catholics, and he deriving his wealth from which he derives a large income, he deriving his wealth from the relationship of landlord and tenant! Such aman, his tenantry being all Roman Catholics, and he derivi to do so once a year, and as often as the Lord Lieutenant may direct. These visitors would not interfere with any matters relating to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Rome; but for those subjects, three more visitors would be elected by the other five, as at present, to be members of the Roman Catholic Church. The three elected visitors now are—the Earl of Fingal, Dr. Crolly, (Archbishop of Armagh,) and Dr. Murray, (Archbishop of Dublin)

Such is an outline of the measure. It has not been the subject of stipulation with the great authorities of the Roman Catholic Church; But Ministers inti-mated their intention to those dignitaries: there is every reason to believe that Lucy are satisfied and grateful for the measure, and that they will strongly recommend its acceptance by the great body of Roman Catholics. "We do not think that there is any violation of conscientious scruples involved in our pro-position. We believe that it is perfectly compatible to hold stedfast the pro-tession of our faith without wavering, and at the same time to increase the position We believe that it is perfectly compatible to note steelines to the tession of our faith without wavering, and at the same time to improve education and to elevate the character of those who—do what you will education and to elevate the character of those who—do what you will—pass
this measure or refuse it—most be the spiritual guides and religious instructors of millions of your fellow-countrymen."

Sir Robert Peel concluded by moving for leave to bring in a bill to amend
the Acts relating to the College of Maynobth; and sat down amids: cheering,
chiefly from the Opposition side of the House.

Sir Robert INGLIS at once rose to meet the motion by a direct negative.

Sir Robert INGLIS at once rose to meet the motion by a direct negative. He remarked the number of petitions against the measure presented on both sides of the House, and the fact that nearly all the cheers which greeted the Minister's speech came from the Opposition. Sir Robert Peel said that he had not taken the House by surprise: but could any one have anticipated such a measure as that now proposed? The grant hitherto made to Maynooth was annual, and did not at all pledge the House to its continuance. In one year there was an increase, in one a decrease, and in one (1799) there was no grant. Sir Arthur Wellesley stated in 1808, that it was not intened to support Maynooth out of the public purse; Mr. Perceval said that the Catholics meant to defrav the cost themselves; and that was confirmed by the memorial of the Roman nooth out of the public perse; Mr. Perceval said that the Catholics meant to defray the cost themselves; and that was confirmed by the memorial of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Troy, in 1794, which showed that the Catholics wished to be permitted to establish the institution with their own funds. The act establishing the College, the 35th Geo. III., (Irish Statutes,) authorized the Trustees to receive subscriptions and donations from Roman Catholics, and in fact was permissive in its nature. The only pledge bearing upon the subject was the resolution of the British House of Commons in 1800, that a sum in fact was permissive in its nature. The only pledge bearing upon the subject was the resolution of the British House of Commons in 1800, that a sum not less than that granted by the Irish Parliament on an average of six years, for the encouragement of agriculture and pious uses, should be paid for twenty years after the Union; a period now expired. As to the Colonies in which there are Roman Catholics, there the Church is maintained, right or wrong, under the obligation of specific treaties. The original Maynooth Act enabled the Roman Catholics to do what they desired, and he, for one, would not for an instant desire to prevent them from receiving the subscriptions and donations of their co-religionists. His complaint was, that they were endowing the Church of Rome almost in the same proportion as they were withdrawing all support from the Protestant institution of the country. Mr. O Connell said that the grant ought to be 70,000%; so, if the Government think that they will propitiate him, they must fail, as in their other anticipations. He wished that Sir Robert Peel had enlightened the House much sconer—

"He was most anxious not to say any thing that would be disrespectful to his right honourable friend at the head of the Government; but he could not but feel that the greater part of the speech he had made on that occasion onight, after all, have been made at a much earlier period of his political life, he hoped his right honourable friend would excuse the observation, but it appeared to him that there was nothing in the facts brought forward by his right honourable friend on that occasion that was not equally patent to observation and as stringent in its conclusions on any man's consience in the year 1813, when the right honourable Baronet was Chief Secretary for Ireland, as it was at the present moment. He was desirous of making these observations in a manner as little offensive as possible; but he could not also help wishing that in June 1840 the right honourable Baronet had spoken a little more distinc

Sir Robert Inglis concluded by declaring, that although the meteor flag had been shattered and torn, the Protestant colours still remain at the mast-head; and he would fight as unfinchingly for them and under them as when in brighter days they waved unbent and untorn over our empire.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL supported the motion. He did not rest on the compact. If it proved mischievous, or against the religious part of the community, he did not see why the compact should restrain the House from putting an end to any allowance. He could understand those who refused the grant altogether. But if you consent to the grant at all, then to say that you will not let the student having 22L receive 28L, in order that his astronomy may be properly targely, his diet and comforts better, is no real ground of religious secruple. He regarded the measure as a step towards a large and comprehensive scheme for the future payment of the Roman Catholic clergy: and that was with him a consideration, not of resistance, but of concurrence—

"The arguments, which are so sound, and, as I think, so incontrovertible, to induce this House to found an addownment for the education of the Koman

Catholic priesthood, will prove upon another occasion as sound and as incontro vertible with respect to an endowment for the maintenance of that priesthood.

Catholic priesthood, will prove upon another occasion as sound and as incontrovertible with respect to an endowment for the maintenance of that priesthood. (Loud cheers.) For my own part, preferring most strongly, and more and more by reflection, a religious establishment to that which is called the voluntary principle, I am anxious to see the spiritual and religious instruction of the great majority of the people of Ireland endowed and maintained by a provision furnished by the State."

He regretted that the feeling between the Irish and English people is not as good as could be wished. Had such a spirit as that now displayed been mainfested in 1825, when Lord Francis Egerton made a motion involving payment of the Catholic clergy, the difficulties of Ireland would have been removed—"at this moment you would be no more talking about agitation in Ireland than you would have been talking about agitation in Yorkshire or Middlesex." But he should be happy if Government were now beginning a different course; if, instead of "concession having reached its utmost limits," there was now an endeavor to make a new beginning in a series of measures there was now an endeavor to make a new beginning in a series of measures by which they might hope to unite the two countries in an enduring bond.

On a division, the motion was carried, by 216 to 114; majority for Minis-

foreign Summary.

The stock of American cheese on hand in London is equal to the whole stock of English cheese of every kind.

Mr. Templeton is about to embark for America, where he intends giving a series of lectures on Scottish music.

We grieve to learn that Thomas Hood is seriously, if not mortally, ill.

A carriage is now building for the Antwerp and Brusssels Railway which is to convey eighty-four passengers.

A hawk, with a snipe in his bill, was killed, while crossing the line, by railway engine, near Loughborough.

Messrs. Alsopp, the great brewers of ale for the East Indies, whose p of business is at Burton, have failed, it is said, in the sum of £300,000.

The Scott monument at Edinburgh having been completed by Mr. Lind, the builder, a public dinner was last week given to that gentleman.

John Benjamin Heath, Esq., was elected governor, and Wm. R. Robinson, Esq., deputy-governor, of the Bank of England for the ensuing year, on the 15th instant.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert have been pleased to signify their desire stand as sponsors for the infant son and heir of Viscount Vilhers, and grand-

The sale of Cardinal Fesch's picture gallery commenced on the 17th ult. Rome. An idea may be formed of the value of the collection fr that a landscape of Hobbima fetched 6400 crowns (nearly £1,500.) value of the collection from the fact

According to the English Churchman, Dr. Lushington has decided that the holding of Roman Catholic doctrines is not sufficient to deprive a clergyman of his living, and that "the English church is not Protestant, nor does she re quire her members to profess Protestantism"

Dr. Wolff has arrived in England; and in a letter to Capt. Grover, which published in the papers, has given a graphic sketch of his "hair-breadth capes" in the mission from which he has returned.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.—The Paris Presse says it is assured "that the result of the conferences between the Duke de Broglie and Dr. Lushington is that the French and English Governments have agreed to suspend the right of search for two yoars, withdrawing for this period the commission given to their respective cruisers."

ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE. - At the last meeting of the Anti-corn Law League held in Covent garden, Mr. Houghton, a practical farmer, and the holder of many thousands of acres, made a flaming speech in favour of the object for which the meeting was assembled. The new convert was formerly a staunch protectionist.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—Marvellous rumours are afloat respecting the astronomical discoveries made by Lord Rosse's monster telescope. It is said that Regulus, instead of being a sphere, is ascertained to be a disc; and, stranger still, that the nebula in the belt of Orion is a universal system—a sun, with planets moving round it, as the earth and her fellow orbs move round out elections luminary.

our glorious luminary.

The Prince of Wales' Income.—As is very generally known, the young heir apparent to the British throne is in receipt of no small amounts of revenue from the profits derived from the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, which are his by hereditary right. Returns have just been laid before Parliament, which show the amount of the young Prince's income during the year ending Michaelmas, 1844. From the Duchy of Cornwall, the payments made during that year to the trustees, and treasurer of his royal highness amounted to no less than £22,877 10s. clear of all expenses caused by salaries, law charges, surveys, allowances, &c. of all officers, receivers, and agents employed in the collection of the revenue of the duchy. This amount was received from the Duchy of Cornwall alone. From that of Lancaster, the amount of payments made out of this revenue to her Majesty's Keeper of the Privy Purse, was £8,000. The total amount of the income of this latter duchy (including arrears of rent due at Michaelmas, 1843), was £35,356 2s 6½d. for the year ending Michaelmas last; and the total receipts of the Duchy of Cornwall (likewise including arrears of rent due from the preceding year) amounted to no less than £47,591 17s. 2½d. Thus, the two duchies produce an income of upwards of £82,947 a year.

(likewise including arrears of rent due from the preceding year) amounted to no less than £47.591 17s. 2½d. Thus, the two duchies produce an income of upwards of £82,947 a year.

Switzerland.—This country has been the scene of a bloody contest between the rival religionists, attended with serious loss of life. The people of the Basle Campagne and the more disorderly in Berne formed a corps with which to attack Lucerne, while the Canton of Argau summoned by the tocsin all good Protestants to arms. One account states—"Last night, [March 30th fires were seen at two or three points, which were probably signals. Many of the municipalities have a reed to give from four to six francs to those who should take part in the invasion, and to allow them each from half a franc to two francs per day. They, moreover, undertook to provide for the children and widows of the volunteers who should fall in combat. The army is supplied with provisions for several days; and the committee purchased at Aaran and its vicinity a quantity of bread and meat, which was cooked, in order that no delay should occur on the march." A force five thousand strong crossed the frontier of Lucerne on the 29th of March. Meanwhile, the town of Lucerne was hastily fortified; the Vorort mustered seventeen battalions, to incomplete the first and the provisions for several days; and the committee purchased at Aaran and its vicinity a quantity of bread and meat, which was cooked, in order that two first and the pasha and its vicinity a quantity of bread and meat, which was cooked, in order that no delay should occur on the march." A force five thousand strong crossed the frontier of Lucerne on the 29th of March. Meanwhile, the town of Lucerne was hastily fortified; the Vorort mustered seventeen battalions, to incomplete the first and proved the first a

terpose if necessary; the Government of Berne placed seven battalions under arm; Zug and Uri sent contingents to Lucerne. The army which Lucerne mustered is variously estimated at 10,000 or 20,000

With a strong force, General De Sonnenberg advanced to meet the invaders: but having come up with them, he retreated towards the city, for a purpose which will presently appear; making, however, some show of resistance. "Reaching Zofingen, the invading army," says an account written by one, who marched with it, "was attacked by a battalion posted in the forest. The sharpshooters soon drove them out of it; and our friends continued to advance in good order, constantly harassed in their march, as far as Ettiswyl; where they effected their junction with another column just arrived by the Berne road. Here the invading forces divided; one column proceeded by the road leading to the principal bridge across the Emme, and the other took to the right and passed the Emme at Wertheastein. It appears that the chiefs neglected to keep up a communication between the two bodies, and that this was the cause of all the misfortunes.

"The left column arrived at six o'clock p.m., [on the 31st March] at the

neglected to keep up a communication between the two bodies, and that this was the cause of all the misfortunes.

"The left column arrived at six o'clock p.m., [on the 31st March] at the bridge of the Emme. This bridge was known to have been fortified and undermined, and every precaution necessary for its defence had been taken. The column consequently hatted, on arriving within sight of the bridge. Paying no attention to the fire of a battery planted on the other side of the river, and of the riflemen posted b-hind every tree and bush, the chief ordered a hundred picked men to wade across the Emme, which they effected without much loss, under a brisk fire. On reaching the opposite bank, they cleared the bridge, and the soldiers of Lucerne precipitately retreated The bridge, which had been destroyed, was soon restored; and the column advanced towards the town, seizing on the neighbouring heights, from which they drove the sharpshooters There they encamped, awaiting accounts from the other column. Night came on in the meantime, and discouragement began to spread through the ranks. The entire column, which had marched and fought without taking any rest for twenty-four hours, was exhausted with fatigue. Whilst the chiefs were exerting themselves to inspire their men with fresh courage, a report of muskerry and attillery was suddenly heard. It was probably the second column, who, not knowing their friends, and assuming them to be the soldiers of Lucerne, had fired upon them. A paric seized a portion of the first column; several portions of which gave the signal of retreat, which was followed by the others. By degrees however, they formed their ranks, when they perceived they were not pursued; but not knowing what had become of the second column, they continued to retreat. At break of day they were attacked by a battalion, supported by six pieces of artillery, which attempted to oppose their march; but the latter fought so slovenly that the column easily routed them. They were again twice attacked in the same manne their retreat.

good their retreat.

Meanwhile, the main body proceeded, and on the 31st took possession of the heights about Gutsch, without resistance. When it reached the narrow valley of the Reus, through which the Basle road passes, a party of the troops of Lucerne sprang a mine, and thus threw them into the utmost confusion. The besieged about the same time effected a vigorous sortie, and beat back the Volunteers, who were overcome with fatigue, after a long march. At night, the combat was suspended, to be renewed next day; when the Volunteers were repulsed with great loss, leaving 600 (or 1300 according to some) dead on the field. The troops of Lucerne boast of a loss of only three dead, though many were wounded. The it vaders now found that they were in a trap; the country-people of Lucerne, who had suffered them to pass without resistance, set upon them in their retreat, inflicting severe injury.

The invaders were treated with such fierceness in all quarters, that it is said that out of 4000 or 5000 not more than 2000 had escaped massacre.

The Diet was again convoked, and the session was reopened on the 5th in stant.

The Swiss journals of the 7th instant state, that the Government of Berne had just sent a commissioner to Lucerne with a supply of money, in order to relieve the distress of the prisoners of that turbulent Canton, and negotiate their relieve the distress of the prisoners of that turbulent Canton, and negotiate their release. Committees had also been appointed at Zurich and Lucerne for the assisting of the defeated Lucerne refugees. The Canton of Argau was occupied by the Federal troops; and one of the Federal Commissioners left Argau for Lucerne on the 5th. On his departure, a very large number of women and children assembled around him, and entreated him to implore the mercy of the Lucerne Government in behalf of their husbands and parents. Seventy-four families of Argau had as yet received no tidings of their relations: the place has not quite four thousand inhabitants.

Letters from Zurich of the 9th state that the exasperation of the conquering party is so great, that serious apprehensions were entertained as to the fate of

Letters from Zurich of the 9th state that the exasperation of the conquering party is so great, that serious apprehensions were entertained as to the fate of the prisoners taken before Lucerne. These prisoners are said to be 1602 in all. Among them are 180 Bernes, and 694 Argovians.

Morocco.—The Madr.d Heraldo has received accounts from Morocco, which give positive assurance that Abd-el-Kader has made an appeal to the fanatical portion of the people of Morocco, and has placed himself at the head of a rebellion, the object of which is to dethrone Abd-er-Rahman. The Emperor finds it difficult to get his soldiers to act, in consequence of the influence exercised by Abd-el-Kader as head of the Marabouts, over the Mussulman normalization.

opulation.
It is remoured that Lieut.-General Earl Cathcart, K.C.B, will be appointed Commander in-Chief in North America, v Lieut-General Sir Richard Jackson,

who returns home.

On the 2d inst., after a short illness, George Windham Earl of Egremout, aged 39.

On the 4th instant, at Sheerness, Vice-Admiral Sir John Chambers White, K. C. B.

On the 5th inst., Rear-Admiral Raper, aged 77.

On the 6th inst., My-Gen Frenan-le, aged 55.

On the 13th inst., at Dublin, the Marquis of Downshire. His lordship, who was on horseback, was esized with apoplexy, fell, and immediately expired. INMEDIATE INTERPRETATION IN BELGIUM AND GERMANY.—The Flemish papers contain sad accounts of inundations in various parts of Belgium and Germary, arising from the change of the weather. At Mayence, on the 30th ult, the Rhine was at an elevation which it had not attained in 1844, and the villages in that quarter had suffered much in consequence. At Worms no communication could take place otherwise than by boats. The Danube, rising above its limits, had inundated the contiguous lands. At Nuremberg the well known journal, the Correspondent, could not be brought out as usual, the waters having rendered the printing office inaccessible. The Carcité de Coblent, of March 30, states that the village of Nessendorf is under water, and that the Moselle, bursting from its proper bounds, has flooded the tract formerly covered by it, but latterly used as pasturage. The distress of the people below Ebrenbreitstein, the streets of which were submerged, is very great, notwithstanding that succour has been liberally distributed among the poor victims of the inuudation. At Mayence, on the 1st instant, the waters were beginning to retire in some degree. Letters from Dresden of the date of March 30, describe the waters of the Elbe to be higher than they have been at any time since 1784. The cathedral church, situated in the old town, is submerged, as well as the royal stables. There was no communication between one part of the city and another except by boats. The river was still rising, and houses were constantly abandoned, the damage done in different quarters proving enormous. Accounts from Brennen, of March 3, the stable proving

the Eibe, and the Vistula, have in succession overflowed their banks, not in a day, but in an hour. Frankfort, Mentz, Cologne, Dreaden, Prague, and any different transported that have unable of other towns, and several thousand villages, were covered with water. The magnificent tradige of Dreaden has been carried away, and many edition that have unabled to the glory, would hardly invent a severer saties on have been destroyed. In the midst of the general desolation, public charity, thas not remained mactive. Committee have been formed in the cities are inscribed the names of kings, princes, min sters, generals, proving a contract of the remained povernors, and bishops. One committee collected at Berlin, between the last and Irth of April, 104,792 thalters (£16,000 British).

W.R.-Orricz, April 11th.—Lt. Sir Gething, Sart im 20th Ft to be Lt. v. Hollis who er. Ist Ft.—P Williams Gent to be East by pur, Hancock who expended to the commitment of the property of the committee collected at Berlin, between the last and Irth of April, 104,792 thalters (£16,000 British).

W.R.-Orricz, April 11th.—Lt. Sir Gething, Sart im 20th Ft to be Lt. v. Hollis who er. Ist Ft.—P Williams Gent to be East Surg. Irth.—Lt O P Bourke to be Capt without pur v Lockstart, dee; East T A Macan to be Lt without pur v Lockstart, dee; East T A Macan to be Lt without pur v Lockstart, dee; East T A Macan to be Lt without pur v Lockstart, dee; East T A Macan to be Lt without pur v Lockstart, dee; East T A Macan to be Lt without pur v Lockstef in Rull Mild Coll, to be Ens by pur v Campbell. Gent Liefen Sir Hollis in the Lockstef in Rull Mild Coll, to be Ens by pur v Campbell of the Cast Ft Clarke fingly Mild Coll, to be Ens by pur v Campbell. Gent Liefen Sir Hollis in the Cast Ft Clarke fingly Mild Coll, to be Ens by pur v Campbell. Gent Liefen Sir Hollis of the Cast Ft Clarke fingly Mild Coll, to be Ens by pur v Campbell. Gent Liefen Sir Hollis Collected Rull Mild Coll, to be Ens by pur v Campbell. Gent Liefen Sir Hollis Collected Rull Mild Collec

laid open in the quarter of the people. Twenty workmen were employed at the task, and the entrance room fornished about 25 articles, vases, cups, altars, and bronze paters. Another room, from which a narrow passage led to ke kitchen, contained some large earthen jats. In the kitchen, the timing, the succepans were still bright. A large boiler, two jars with handles, light and transparent, objects exceedingly are in collections, were also found there. The next excavations were to be made in the workshops of sculpture of the low.

Obstruce.—On the 18th ult., at Pau, Lower Pyrences, Maj-Gen Fagan, aged 65, formerly Adji-Gen of the Bengal Army.

On the 2d inst., after a short illness, George Windham Earl of Egreimou, aged 59.

On the 4th instant, at Sheerness, Vice-Admiral Sir John Chambers White, K. C. B.

On the 5th inst., Rear-Admiral Raper, aged 55.

On the 18th inst., the Earl of Abergavenny, aged 55.

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PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April I. 1845.

The two most remarkable pictures in the Exhibition at the Louvre are unquestionably those of M. Horace Vernet. The one is calculated, I think, to excite profound admiration; the other, surprise and regret at so deplorable a

excite profound admiration; the other, surprise and regret at so deplorable a misapplication of a noble talent.

The portrait of Frère Philippe, the Director-General of the Ecoles Chrétiennes, is one of the finest attempts to reproduce on canvas, not only the complete aspect of the outer man, but all the characteristic indications of the inner being that I ever beheld. To those who are acquainted with Murillo's wonderful portrait of the General of the Jesuits, in the possession of the Marquis of Lausdowne, it will suffice to say, that M. H. Vernet's picture instantly brought that to my mind. They will not imagine that I mean to institute a comparison between the two, which would be to expose a noble effort of modern art to a needless ordeal.

But the conception, the thought, of this picture involuntarily recals the other. Like that, it suggests the whole character, history, and functions of the man. And if the head of the most puissant order that ever made religion the instrument of ambition is completely delineated in the one, the other sets before us the representation of that beneficent body of men who devote their whole lives to the service and instruction of the poor. The simvote their whole lives to the service and instruction of the poor. The splicity, amounting to poverty, of every object by which this eminent man. Christian is surrounded, tell of a life of self-denial; the cracked wall, wh Christian is surrounded, tell of a life of self-denial; the cracked wall, whose bare surface and monotonous colour are broken only by a small crucifix and a little plaster figure of the Virgin, forms a touching and barmonious background to the grave and thoughtful but benevolent head; even the coarse shoes tied with a leathern thong—the whole garb, not neglected but humble—speak the heart, and command a reverence no diadem can extert. We see before us the friend and servant of the poor. M. Vernet must himself have a store of nobler sympathies than we should have given a battle painter credit for, or he could not have conceived and executed such a picture. How lamentable then is their perversion; how humiliating the misapplication of a genius, which one is apt to think, by giving Man an insight into the high and pure regions of intelligence, must render him insensible to the attraction that displays of brute force have for the vulgar! telligence, must render hi force have for the vulgar!

Nothing however can be, intellectually and morally speaking, lower of its low kind than the huge unrolled panorama, in which M. Vernet has celebrated the taking of the Smala of Abd el Kader. The bitterest enemy of France, the

5th inst., by the Rev. Jesse Oakley, Mr. Jesse Oakley, to Miss ghter of Aaron Dixon, all of this city.

n, at 60 days, 9; a 9 1-2 per cent. preu

THE ANGLO AMERICAN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1845.

The Mail Packet Hibernia brings European files to the 19th ult. The intelligence is not of very pre-sing interest.

The Queen and Royal family are well, and her Majesty's proposed visit to Ireland has given the most lively pleasure to the natives of "the Green Isle." It is probable that this Royal excursion, the Maynooth grant, and the Irish Bequests Act will be found more efficacious in conciliating that long agitated sec. tion of the Empire, and in burying the Repeal nonsense, than all the acts of the strong hand together, whether they be those of Mars or of Themis.

There is little of importance in the Irish news; O'Connell seems somewhat puzzled not only what to do, but what to say. The moves on the Political board of that country have been made by better players than the Agitator, and he sees, by anticipation, the impending Check-mate. The strange and anomalous cry of "Peel and Repeal" is heard, and as it is said to originate with O'Connell himself, he will find it a hard task to reconcile the fusion of the two words. He may, however, perhaps, be contemplating the parable of the unjust steward, and the application of the text " make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when ye fall," &c. Some of the magnates of the Repeal faction are falling into disrepute, and one is star ling the faction with the explanation of his principles. This last gentleman is the Mr. Grey Porter whom O'Connell lauded and magnified, and set in the van of the enter prise, professing to be only second to him; Mr. Porter it seems is only opposed to the Union as it exists, he would have it repealed, and another entered upon founded on a better basis, he does not desire an Irish Parliament, he does not see any peculiar virtue in "College Green," but would desire to see some modification with regard to the Irish proportion in the Imperial Parliament.

The most stirring affair in the House of Commons is the Maynooth Grant Seldem has a matter of so little comparative importance produced such pro longed discussion, or developed such a clashing of opinions among party men Here we have Conservatives denouncing the measure, even though their leader takes a stand upon it, and Whigs supporting it although the passing of the grant must make their great political opponent still stronger and more popular. It is, indeed, a discussion conducted upon its merits, and argued without regard to party feeling, and even, in many instances, directly in the teeth of the notions of their particular constituencies. We have, therefore, a right to believe that it will be conducted under a high sense of moral obligation, by men highly educated, who, forgetting party feuds, are acting under a sense of deep re-This otherwise small affair is, therefore, lifted into great importance, and will in future days be referred to as an exponent of the times in which We were not able hitherto to give more than a very brief account of the Premier's speech upon introducing the bill for the Maynooth Grant, but the speech itself was so full, so lucid, so powerful, and so declaratory of his determined stand that we now give it in considerably enlarged form, together with the principal opposition to it by Sir R. H. Inglis, in our Parliamentary

of the Anglican Established Church and by every sectarian denomination, because all these are on principle dissenters from the Church of Rome-but not too great upon the manifest shewing of Sir Robert Peel, if he be right in his argument that " whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

It must not be concealed that the petitions presented against the grant are both numerous and bulky, and that in the course of the debate the minister is twitted, with great asperity, as being a renegade from opposite principles, and as a follower up of measures originating with his political and discarded opponents These are reproaches on Sir Robert Peel's public character which have become common-place through their notoriety, but we have no objection to the man who conscientiously changes his opinion once on any great public measure; it shews him candid enough to be open to conviction, and honest enough to act upon it. But besides looking at this grant in a political point of view, and as a grand conciliatory measure, there are important social and moral grounds upon which he may firmly find support, and from which we trust that no hostility can shake him. We believe that he is on principle attached to the Pro testant Episcopal Church, and that he would gladly bring within the pale of it all who now dissent from its doctrines or its discipline; but he is too sagaciou a man to think of effecting such a purpose through force, privation, or external humiliation. He knows that the great bulk of the Irish nation is Roman Ca life these are found to be prominent in Ireland, and he believes he cannot confer a greater or more real boon upon the Irish people than by supplying them with learned, intelligent, pious, and earnest pastors, competent by good education to hold the passions of their flocks under restraint, and to train them to the proper duties of subjects and citizens. He perceives that this is the only effectual or likely method of reforming religious error. Persecution makes martyrs, but reformation springs from internal perceptions. An ignorant hedge-priest will remain obstinate in error and glorify himself for his zeal in its propagation and support, but the well-trained student has larger views and more deep'y founded notions; and such as these last will be resulting from the improved tholic, and devoted to their priesthood; he knows that in all the relations of

condition of the College of Maynooth. In all matters depending upon the intellectual or mental faculties, personal collisions are much to be deprecated.

The discussions upon this very interesting question have been greatly protracted, and have proceeded with great warmth and energy on the part of the speakers. In the course of them there was something startling in the speech of Mr. Gladstone, whose secession from the government has always been understood to have its foundation in repugnance to this grant ; but lo! he comes forward in its favor in most unequivocal terms. From the 11th to the 18th ult. was occupied almost solely on this interesting question, and was terminated on the evening of the latter, by the motion being carried for the second reading, 323 against 176, majority 147.

We shall give a comprehensive view of the speeches in this debate in our next, because the arguments on each side show the great importance of the objects included in the measure, but limited as we are for room to-day we cannot pass by the conclusion of the Premier's speech at winding up for the divition, because it incidentally alludes to other matters interesting on this side of the Atlantic, and exhibits the feelings of the Premier and the British Government Atlantic, and exhibits the reelings of the Fremier and the Dritish Government with regard to amicable relations towards the United States. We trust that every reader will lay it to heart, and dismiss at once the belief that England has any love for the arbitrament of the sword, or that she is pertinacious upon questions open to new lights, and competent to be decided by friendly mutual compromise. We have therefore inserted below a portion of Sir Robt. Peel's speech which applies to the subject.

Peel's speech which applies to the subject.

I say, without hesitation, that you must in some way or other break up that formidable confederacy which exists against the British government and the British parliament. I don't believe that you can break it up by force. (cheers.) I believe you can do much—I believe canscientiously, with the principles which we avow with respect to the maintenance of the Protestant Church, you can do much to break up that confederacy by acting in a spirit of kindness and forbearance and generosity; and I believe it is essential that you should break it up, in order that you may carry on the work of good government in Ireland, and in order that you may strengthen the connection between the two countries, and the power and energy of the United Kingdom. Sir, I proposed this measure, I think on Thursday, the 3d of April. I had given notice of it at a former period in the course of the last session, and without the slightest reference to the events which have since occurred. But on the day after I gave that notice and introduced the question to the consideration of the house, our attention was called to a matter of great importance. The noble lord the member tion was called to a matter of great importance. The noble lord the member for the City of London did feel it his duty to lift the veil from futurity with regard to the Oregon question, when a small but threatening cloud was visible. It became my duty on that occasion to tell you, in temperate but significant language, that while we must use our most anxious endeavours for peaceful adjustment of the dispute, while we would leave nothing undone to effect an unicable decision of it, if our rights were invaded we were determined and prepared to maintain them. (Cheers.) I wish that when I made that declaration, I had recollected—as I do recollect with satisfaction, that the day before I had I had recollected—as I do recollect with satisfaction, that the day before I had sent a message of peace to Ireland. The hon. member for Canterbury (Mr. Smythe), who spoke the other night, thought it not improbable that the time would come when it would be necessary for the country to summon all her energies. I heard the speech of the hon gentleman with great satisfaction from the ability and eloquence it displayed. (Hear.) I also heard the speech of the noble lord the member for Newark (Lord J. Manners). In the course of that appears the hon. gentleman said that he thought it probable that a time might come when it would be necessary to summon the energies of this country in come when it would be necessary to summon the energies of this country in defence of her honour and interests. May God avert so great an evil. (Hear, hear.) God forbid that the state of general peace should be disturbed. (cheers.) If it be, I doubt, considering the state of things now around me, whether the vindication of its honour and their interests will not be committed to other hands, but to whomsoever committed, I shall take my place here, and encourage them by every support I can give in aid of a just and honorable cause The alteration proposed by the minister is that the Grant instead of being annual and about £9000, shall be permanent and amount to £26,000;—an astonishing difference, and likely enough to be strongly opposed both by members of the Anglican Established Church and by every sectarian denomination, because all these are on principle dissenters from the Church of Rome—but not too beating in harmonious accord—that Ireland should stand ranged with us, and then confiding in a good cause—confiding in a good cause—confiding in a good cause—confiding in the valent respectively. then confiding in a good cause—confiding in the valour, perseverence, and for-titude of every part of this great empire—I shall view the result with perfect composure, being assured that the energies of a united people will ensure the triumph of a just cause. (The right hon baronet resumed his seat am d loud and general cheers)

The galleries were then cleared for a division, and on the repening of the buse the numbers were—

We give to-day a view of Sir Robert Peel's style of eloquence, and the causes of that commanding superiority which he enjoys both in the Cabinet and in the country at large. It is extracted from Frazer's Magazine, a periodical of Ultra Tory Politics, and one in which the minister and his principles are always subjects of laudation. It will there be seen that our notion of the Premier, expressed from time to time, is founded on positive fact, and from long and close attention to the man. This gives us opportunity to say that we distinct not to be misunderstood with respect to our opinion of the Right Honourable Gentleman, as to his public character in the aggregate. There is not, perhaps, a more useful man or more able practical minister to be found in the present day; he has the welfare of his country sincerely at heart, and is by no means dilatory in acting in her behalf. If such conduct can entitle him to the character of a great man, he is a great man but evidently he is not a great. eech

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DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN .- (Continued)

HILL, JOHN W .- Nos 252, 305 .- These are drawings in water colours, of woodland scenery, and most beautifully indeed they are executed. The perspective is admirably kept, the accessorial parts are not too numerous, the foliage and the foregrounds are elaborately finished, the atmosphere is cool and the prevailing tints are pale green and brown. The first of these is a view in Clarkstown, Rockland Co, and the second is a "View on the Menischecongo Creek, near Haverstraw;" the latter requires, perhaps, a little more bringing out, being too pale and indistinct in its details

HILLYARD, HENRY .- No. 130 .- We have perceived with some pain that the far greater portion of the visitors at this exhibition turn with dissatisfaction from this specimen, simply from taking a wrong view of its perport. It is not to be considered as a picture in oils, it is the exhibition of a design to be exe cuted in solid materials such as marble or bronze; and the gorgeous tints which are thrown around it are for no other purpose than that of throwing the figure and its pedestal into stronger relief. For our own part we admire it greatly ; the figure is in dignified posture, and becoming drapery, and the inherent majesty of the design, which is enhanced by the mass and height of the pedestal, is still farther rendered grand by the advance thereto up a short flight of steps on every side of its bare.

Holmes, G. W .- No. 256 .- This is a drawing in water colours; it is a "View from the inclined plane looking towards Philadelphia," and is of good effect: but we object to the use of body-colours for the purpose of working out the whites. It is not an artistical practice, but savours of quackery in Art.

Hoskin, R .- No. 394. -" Cottage Comforts," and not a bad picture, but as a design it does not show the slightest degree of poetry or imagination in the artist. It is simply a view of the inside of any of the ten thousand cotta ges in the country villages, about the hour of the evening meal.

HUNTINGTON, D .- Nos. 78, 139, 154, 232 .- Huntington, who has long been a favorite artist, is at present in Rome. No. 78 is a Tuscan "Landscape," too cold in its temperature, but all its parts are well wrought out. A troop of horse are winding down a road towards the foreground, the leader of which mounted on a grey charger is well relieved. No 139 is "A sleeping figure," which is placed reposing against a rock, and looks as if the child must inevitably fall forward and bruise its face. No. 154 is "A Swiss Landscape," a very pretty bit, except that the chapel in the foreground is carelessly drawn, and seems as if it were about to fall into a chasm near at hand. No. 332, " Penitents," we admire greatly, on account of the composition, the drawing, and the colouring. An old man with white hair and beard, his daughter, and his grandson, are placed in penitential attitude before a large, sculptured crucific; the two former are kneeling, the old man with hands clasped and head looking humbly upwards; the female with head abased and sunk towards her bosom. and ber hands before her face; the child seated close by them on the floor of the chapel, and looking with wistful vet unconscious gaze at his mother and his grandfather. In the back ground, and as it were in another chapel of the edifice, is another female figure kneeling before an altar, the colours of her drapery finely rel eving the dark grey of that distance.

INGHAM, CHARLES C .- Nos. 13, 67, 118, 169, 184 .- The high finish of this admirable artist's works is well known, as is also their correctness as portraits; that high finish, however, is sometimes at the expense of artistical vigour of execution. No. 13 is a Portrait of C. H. Marshall, Esq., it is somewhat too short from eyes to mouth, somewhat too long from mouth to chin, and rather too florid and young-looking. No. 169 is a charming performance, delicate and wrought out like an enamel, and the drapery exquisite, particularly the changeable silk expression of the dress. No. 184 is good, but the hand too

Inman, Henry.—Nos. 161, 172 —The first of these, "Rydal Water," in beautiful exceedingly," notwithstanding the comparative coldness of the atmosphere as compared with the rich warmth of an American summer evening Mr Inman has happily and accurately caught the expression given among the Cumberland lakes, the soft haze, the grey twilight, the repose of the lake, the quiet happiness of the figures introduced there; in short the embodiment of Wordsworth's poetry in the following extract :-

"Her only Pilot the soft breeze, the boat Lingers; but fancy is well satisfied; With keen eyed hope, with memory at her side, All that to each is precious, as we float All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along; regardless who shall chide
If the Heavens smile and leave us free to glide.
Happy associates! Breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, fancy and the muse,
Why have I crowded this small bark with you
And others of your kind. Ideal crew!
While here sits one whose brightness owes its hues
To flesh and blood; no goddess from above. To flesh and blood; no goddess from above, No fleeting spirit but my own true love."

No. 172 is a "Portrait of Jacob Barker, Esq.," once an active resident in this city, and is executed in the bold, vigorous, masterly style, which characterises Mr. Inman's pencil in this department of Art.

INNES, GEORGE.—No. 243.—A "Landscape composition," which is very chastely imagined; the atmosphere is clear and cold, and the subject is not over-burthened, as is too generally the case, wi'h accessorial matter.

besides a share of one with Mr. Waldo; we cannot award high praise to any of them except No. 21, which is a large and interesting Landscape, all parts of which are pleasing both to the eye and to the judgment, and with the detail of which the artist has faithfully persevered to claborate with all his skill. The naming in a catalogue a picture as executed by Waldo and Jewett seems to us more like trade that art, for who can understand the individual skill of either? It is not like saying that a picture is "by Rubens and Snyders," for the very distinct departments of each are known.

Joerlyn, N. H.-Nos. 59, 99, 229 -All these are portraits, and, judging from the last (No. 239) which is the only one we recognise, they are excellent likenesses; but, independent of that merit they are excellent as pictures. There is breadth in the style, and the arrist displays both skill and experience.

KENSETT, JOHN F .- Nos. 125, 133, &c .- This artist, who is now in England, has four pictures in the exhibition; the two we deem most worthy of notice are pieces of forest scenery; they are minutely but not stiffly elaborated with respect to foliage, and the perspective is finely given in reistas. The former of these is well relieved by a sportsman and his dog in the foreground, and tie latter by the traces and meanderings of a waterfall.

Kellogg, M.—No. 149.—Mr. Kellogg is at present in Florence, his picture in the exhibition is "The Straw Braider," which is happily designed. The countenance of the girl is of a warm sunny complexion, the expression is pensive, and the drawing is very correct, particularly of the hand.

KNESLAND, HORACE —No. 368 —A model bust of James I. Mapes, Esq.,

which is done to the life, and is highly intellectual in its expression.

LE CLEAR, T .- No. 73 .- " The Newsboy's Lament " is a good composition, but is not carried out very vigorously; perhaps a smaller picture with full length, and grouping, would have better expressed the artist's idea.

LEUTZE, C .- No. 126 .- "The parting of Edwy and Elgiva" Well conceived, and chastely executed. The artist has contrived to give the grouping of the feasting Thanes in those rude Sazon days, without interfering with the main story. The stern and presumptuous Bishop Dunstan daring to lay violent hands on his Sovereign, and dragging him from his bride to the festive board is well marked, as well as the indignant frown of the youthful and insulted monarch; and it is not the least of the beauties of this composition that he has made the Elgiva with her face turned away, for it would have been difficult to paint her emotions.

LIVINGSTON, M .- This artist has five pictures in the exhibition, all possessing considerable merit, but we consider the best to be Nos. 65 and 350. The former is a "Swiss scene," very well executed, and with the ubiquitous Mont Blanc in the background,—we can hardly say " in the distance," for wherever this father of Mountains is visible he always appears near at hand. No. 350 is a "Storm on the Hudson," and a very fine one it is; the flying clouds mingling with the heavy and hazy land, the curling waves with their white crests are beautifully executed; but some of the whites, particularly those of the vessels' mainsail seem rather to be laid on with a trowel than a brush.

McDougall, J. A -Nos. 345, 348.-Are miniatures neatly executed and good tikenesses

McMaster, W. E.-Nos. 69, 96, 245.-All these are Portraits. There is nothing peculiarly striking in these specimens, but they are good pictures; the draperies and accessorial parts are well put in, the drawings and the colonings are artistical, and they possess the quality of breadth in a commendable degree ; nesides which there is certainly an air of praisemblance about them, though we know not the subjects.

A SPLENDID PAINTING -" VENUS FROM THE BATH."-The proprietor of this magnificent picture asserts that it is "by Titian, being a repetition by his own hand, of the one in the Florence Gallery," and that it has "adorned the collection of (the late) Sir Thomas Lawrence," President of the Royal Academy of London. Having received our ticket too late to enable us to go into a detailed examination of this picture, we can as yet but briefly allude to it after a hurried visit, and shall return to the matter again in our next; our present impression, however, certainly is that it is a genuine Titian, and that it is well worthy the attention of every lover of the Fine Arts. Let us, nevertheless, frankly inform our readers that it is a nude figure, yet it is so mere an abstraction that not in any part of the design is there aught which can be starting or objectionable except to a grossly vitiated and corrupt imagination. As we want to go fully into the particulars of this painting, as a work of Art, we shall not here commence, but merely state that the drawing and the general effect are in the highest degree admirable.

The Proprietor, bowing to the fastidiousness of idea which sometimes prevails too far, has devoted Wednesdays to lady visitors only, during the day time, and has engaged female attendants for that day; we are sorry that he has thought it necessary thus to minister to a diseased notion of propriety, but, having adopted it, he will do well to continue the arrangement; for thus many will have opportunity to examine this charming work of Art, who otherwise would have felt unnecessary repugnance to visit this exhibition.

A CHEF D'GEUVRE.-We have just returned from examining a splendid painting by Ward, of an English subject, including several matters which were formerly more characteristic than they are at present. It is called "Greenwich Fair, with a Bull Bait, &c.," and we believe has been exhibited in Philadelphia but we have not heard of its being much known in this city. In the JEWETT, W. S .- No. 21 .- Mr. Jewett has four pictures in the exhibition, foreground is the Bull Bait, -a barbarous sport now exploded-the infuriate d 023

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the artist was so celebrated, around him are figures with action and expression much satisfaction that they will give new grand operas such as "Robert," exceedingly graphic; here one encouraging his fierce bull-dog to the attack, "Les Huguenots," La Favorite" "La Juire" "Don Sebastien" and the here another with difficulty restraining his dog till the proper time to let him go; in various places owners of those powerful dogs with the animals in their an unusual style of spiendour, and will be likely to prove very attractive and arms waiting their proper opportunities for attack, whilst the pugnacious qualities of the dogs are finely pourtrayed in their faces and glaring eyes; again, there are others tending their wounded dogs, and parties running out of the The owner of the baited animal is waiting to catch way of the enraged bull. in his arms a dog which has been tossed; groups of spectators of both sexes are there, all carefully wrought out, nothing slighted or sketched; suttlers with refreshments, boys mounted on trees, and even a Hogarthian humour is dis-One boy has got to the outward extremity of a rotten branch; and should he fall it must be directly upon the horns of the buil; another has lost his balance, and, to check his fall he seizes the leg of a neighbouring boy. Of course the peculiar excellence of this painter is the delineation of animals, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the bull and the dogs. Booths are in the middle ground, and in this part of the canvass is represented a pugilistic encounter, in which the attitudes of the belligerents are very fine and the groupings would do honour to Hogarth himself. In the distance is London, St. Paul's being the principal figure seen through the haze. The atmosphere is strictly English, cold and indistinct in the back ground, cloudy, but the clouds buoyant and suitable to the climate represented. In the left of the foreground is a group of figures very characteristic of Morland's style, and it is said that it was put in by that artist. The painting itself is nearly 50 years old, being painted in 1797. We understand that this capital painting is at present for sale; we have not learnt its price, but of this we are sure that an affluent patron of the Fine Arts would get his pennyworth if he paid \$1500 for it.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

MR. H. PHILLIPS, FAREWELL MUSICAL SOIRES .- Slowly, so slowly as to the period of his farewell concert in this city, have the vocal talents of this gentleman risen towards their just appreciation. The first concert at all equal to his deserts in New York was his last, and we rejoice to say that, for once at least, it was a bumper. We fear that generally he has not been so successful as he ought to be, in this American trip of his, and yet we are utterly surprised why it should be so; as a vocalist he has no fellow here, nor do we think that any one superior to him has ever preceded him. He is not only equal to light comic, to splendid lyric, to the most elaborate operatic, and to the grandest sacred vocalism, but his execution in all those branches is of the most finished order, yet by some unaccountable contretemps he has been indifferently attended. A sudden burst of light broke in upon his hearers on the St. George's Anniversary, admiration turned frantic, men wondered what had hitherto been the matter with their ears, and the tide effectually turned. We trust he will take some little advantage of the flood, and give us one more night of it, selected from the best of his valuable budget.

The songs of Tucsday evening were nearly all MSS., and were certainly both good compositions and charmingly sung, but there seemed to be a longing on the part of the audience to hear him in some on which his celebrity was He seemed to be aware of this, and accordingly at each encore he changed the air-very properly speaking his apology for doing so. By this means the company heard the beautiful "Gramachee," "The Light of Other Days." "Widow Machree," and "St. Patrick's Birth-day." which were not real N. B. in the bills, as well as the new MSS., of these one of the most delightful both from its simplicity and pathos, was an air composed to the child's rhymes on "My Mother." It went to the heart of every hearer, and was loudly en-The song of " Lucy is a golden girl," was likewise warmly received, and both these he repeated.

Perhaps one of the secrets of Mr. Philips' comparatively indifferent success may be found in his fordness for prefacing every thing he is about to sing with a preliminary introduction. Perhaps he calls it explanation, but there is really little or nothing explained, it consists of some platitude, some commonplace which leaves matters much as they would have been if he had spared his speech, some truism the utterance of which only takes up the time of the audience and himself unnecessarily. It was much in point we admit, when he gave his Hebrew melodies, for then there was real information obtained, but in a mere vocal soiree the best way is to proceed in a steady course of singing according to the order of the bill, and say no more about it. We regret that we are about to lose him just as he is beginning to be known : we doubt whether he will ever come among us again, but if he should, we trust he will give us a few operatic performances.

Mr. Phillips was assisted by Miss Moss, whose debut at the Italian opera took place not long ago, and whose engagements were brought suddenly to a She sung the fine old duet by Travers, of " Haste my Nannette," in excellent style with Mr. Phillips, and a couple of songs very prettily, but her style was constrained and hesitating, from diffidence we suppose, and consequently her tones sounded thin and not sufficiently musical.

FRENCH OPERA IN NEW YORK .- We have just lear ned from the best source that the New Orleans operatic company will be soon in this city, and we may expect a rich musical treat about the end of this month. Mr. Davis, the very skilful manager of the French Opera, has secured the Park theatre for the present summer, and will soon arrive here with all his artists, sceneries, decora-The company besides Calve, has two other prime donne : the 1st tenor is said to be an excellent musician and the primo basso cantante and the

animal is drawn with that anatomical precision and vigor of action for which barytone are two of the best singers ever heard in this country. We learn with charming opera buffa of " Don Pasquale." All these pieces will be got up in popular ;-no mistake about this, and we shall be able to speak of it again

> MR. Louis Gibert .- This is the name of one who is considered an excellent vocalist, and who is now quite the rage in the French salons of this city. We are glad to see he intends to stay a little while amongst us. This is an excellent opportunity for singers to avail themselves of a capital instructor.

> * * We sincerely and deeply regret to announce the decease of Mr. Alpers well known and greatly respected in our musical circles. He had been for some time declining, and we suspect that in common with most men of ardent temperament he pined for "Fatherland" in his latter moments. He was a sound theoretical and a refined practical musician, and his loss will be deplored by many admiring friends.

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dozen doctors had tried to cure, but could not; the poor parents would have given. a little boy of an ulcer of the face which was rapidly spreading to his eyes, and which a dozen doctors had tried to cure, but could not: the poor parents would have given half they were worth to have had it cured, but every thing they tried d d no good, until they gave it a tea spoo-ful of molasses every day, in half a pint of which they had rubbed down twelve Brandreth's Pills; before the whole of the mola-ses was taken the ulcer was cured. And yet some foolish people call Brandreth's Pills a quack medicine it would be well if there were a few more such quack medicines. Will all your pretended Sarsapartila Compounds, or Lozenges, or Salves, cure like the Brandreth's Pills's? Can they send you to persons cured as Dr. Brandreth can? Can they point out you people who had been helpless for years from Epilepsy and St. Vitus' Dance, who have been cured by their remedies? If they cannot, Dr. Brandreth can. Can they point out to you a person who first wenty years had never had a stool without having used medicine, or mechanical means, and whom the Brandreth Pills cured in a month, and gave him as healthy evacuations as he had when he was a child?

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Dress Coats Sor Making and Thimming. \$7,00 to \$9,00
Pants and Vesis 1,50 to 2,00
John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London. ICF A Specimen Coat always to be seen. G. R. CLARKE 120 William (MrS-4f.)

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PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 231 Broadway, corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jaweiry Store). awarded the Medal four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

no one need now as the common cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for-warded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skuful operators. Apply as above.

Mr29.

WILSON'S HOTEL & DIN NG ROOMS,

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicit the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable ac commodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and imported ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

BEAD the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sincloir Towey, Postmaster of Josin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th 1844.

County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you that Mr. I. W. Stardevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Pair's Life Pills—Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also faily accords. Indeed, these Pills have aupersaded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify: much.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT
Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nev. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I this dremedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely better Parr's Life Pills is the heat medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,
Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH HARNES, No. 19 8ixth Avenue, N.Y.

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

General Agents for the United States of America,
JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN,
No. 57 Wall Street, New York.

No. 57 Wall Street, New York.

PHYSICIAN,
John W. Francis, Esq., M. D., No. 1 Bond Street.
SURGEON,
J. C. Beales, Esq., M. D., 543 Broadway.
BANKERS,
The Back of Commerce.
SOLICITOR.

Charles Edwards, Esq., 51 Wall Street.
The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c. at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company society in the court of The superior advantages offered by this Company society.

Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in Perfect security, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the Triennial distribution of eighty per cent, or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at tueir option, will be paid In Cash, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life. It birth | For ONE | For SEVEN | For whole Life without | For whole y. | Year. | 96 | 170 | 192 | 217 | 106 | 113 | 219 | 248 | 118 | 125 | 255 | 288 | 131 | 144 | 300 | 339 | 131 | 144 | 300 | 339 | 131 | 144 | 300 | 339 | 155 | 150 | 241 | 444 | 444 | 449 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150 | 150

45 | 155 | 180 | 361 | 498

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large pate-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their raspective snares, for all the Company's ongagements. The period of its existence, forty years, the responsibility of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfillment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future s.a-bility of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are enti-led to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the first division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting Insurances, and all information relative therete, may be obtained of the Company's tally-empowered agents.

DOSEPH FOWLER, Agents, 27 Wall-street.

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— PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS with Professional advice and directions for Self-Improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can movey be better spent than in obtaining that knowledge of one's self, and of numan nature given by this science of man. [Mri-4m.

COUNTRY ADVERTISING!

Advertisements for the New York and Country Newspapers are received at the office of

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DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT on all the Branches of
THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND,
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RICH'D BELL &
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Branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Jri8-6m.

THE REGULAR LINE FOR BOSTON, CARRYING THE GREAT
UNITED STAFES MAIL.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER-TRI-WEEKLY.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave Pier No. 1, North
River, foot of Battery Place, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock,

P.M.
Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage mediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.
For farther information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs). Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.
N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above bosts or owners May 11-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the salling day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the

A color, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.

Masters.

Days of Sailing from New York.

Cambridge, W. C. Barstow, June J. Oct. 1, Feb. 1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 1e England, S. Bartlett, June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Oxford, J. Rathbone, July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Montezuma, (new) A. W. Lowber, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Europe, A. G. Furber, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 16 Columbus, Columbus, S. B. Cropper, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 16 G. A. Cole, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16 G. A. Cole, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16 Yorkshire, (new) D. G. Bailey. Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1 Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommo dations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The price of passage outwards, is now faxed at \$4100, for which ample atores of every description will be previded, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be fur nished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

regither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters treels or packages sont by thom, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpeo

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

of London.
26 CORNHILL.
Empowered by Act of Partiament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING.
General Agent for the United States of America.
J. LEANDER STARR, No. 62 Wall Street, New York.
Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)
J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleecker Street.
ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

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The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 20 Wall-street.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and lower than the scale acopted by many London offices. Loans granted to the extent of two-third the amount of premum paid—after the lapse of a year.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before decading to insure classwhere.

Pamphiets containing the last Annual Report, and the Society's rates, together with blank forms, and the furlest information, may be obtained upon application to the General Agent.

blank forms, and the factor at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid the American Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid the Society.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York. 62 Wall-street, Jan. 7, 1845

Jan.11-tf.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Gr. enhouse plants of all the most estoemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbacious Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice dowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with pla ces.

Ap. 20-ti.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS-EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pan of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms. Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Discases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there he a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they night almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Saraparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretive organs and the circulation, bavebeen raised as it were from the tank of disease, and sow with regenerate constitution, gladiy estify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reguler is referred to a pamphlet which is furnished without charge by all the Agonts:—

Mess'rs. Sands — Genticmen — Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of SANDS' SARSAPARILLA. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most invoterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bed, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her li e. The complaint commenced in the roots of the hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then I attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continuing to increase until it covered the most of the body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged, this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to provent natural rest, and the odor from the discharge so effenive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald Head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various comedies, with little benefit, and cor sidered her case almost beyond the leach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your Sarsaparilla, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; but the charge was so rapid for the better, that we could scare ly give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and he result is a perfect cure. To all Perents we would say:—If you have children sufering with any disease of the skin, use Sands Sarsaparilla. With reclings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELHU & SARAH SOUTHMAYD, No. 95 Madison-st.

fering with any disease of the skin, use Sands Sarsaparilla. With reelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mc. 21, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Esteemed Frienc's:—Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great devotedness to you for your invaiuable Sarsaparilla, which has been the means, under a kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of sufferers, miserable as I have been, may be induced of this remedy, and experience a cure as speedy and happy as mine Porter years I have been suffering under a Scrofulous affection of the Bones in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have desired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods dering my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper tot; h, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the maxication of food quite impossible. After expending about aix hundred deliars for medical at all had recourse to your justic celebrated Sarsaparilla, and within the last hree months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complain's, may have the advantage of my experience, I shall be most happy at any time to communicate to them or to you, such further and more minute particulars es may be dealed. Please accept assurances of my great obligation and regard.

A. B. & D. Sands—Respected Friends:—Benj. M. Hussey is a person of perfect respectability; his statement in relation to the wonderful effe

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of discass to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Eand's Sarsaparilla, and ask